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August 4, 1960 25¢

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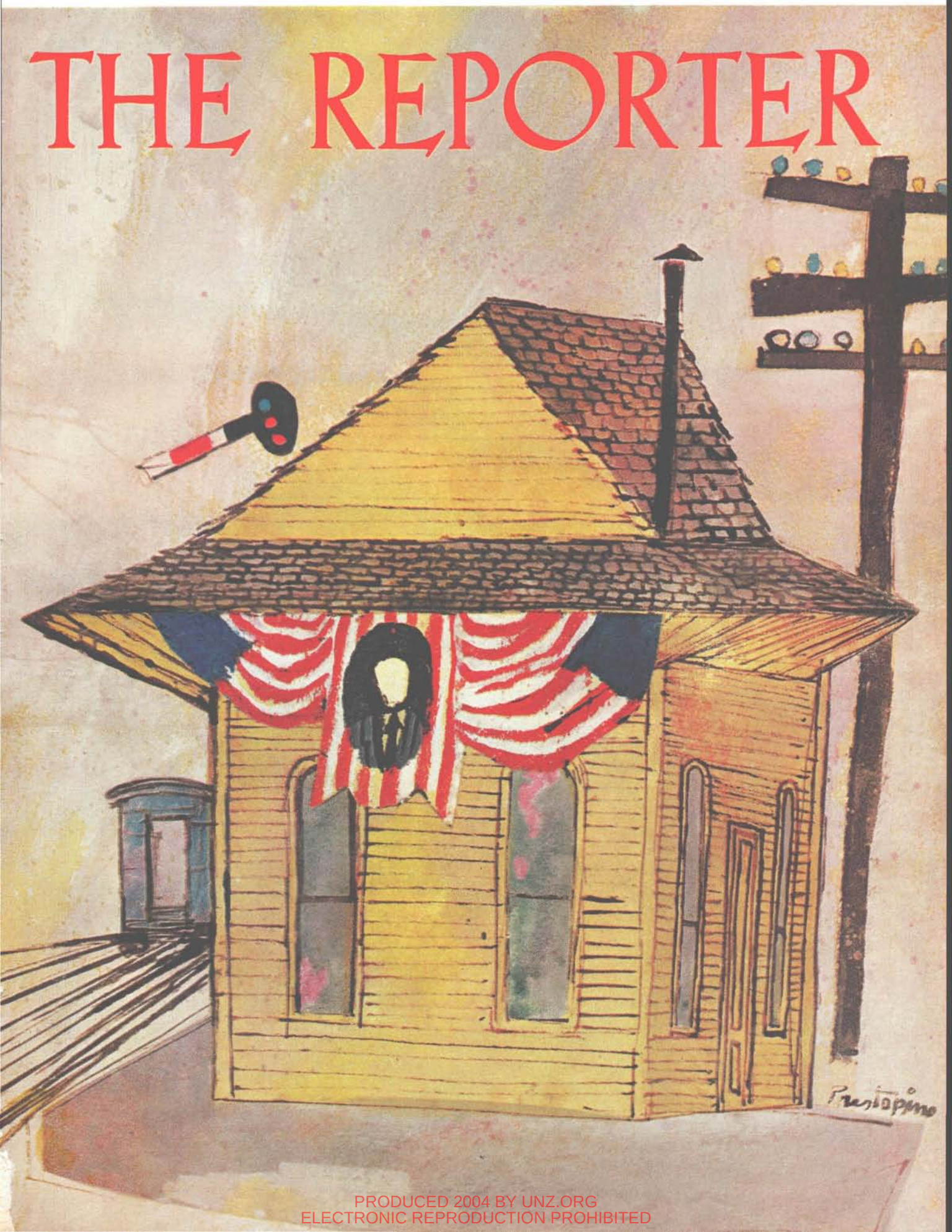

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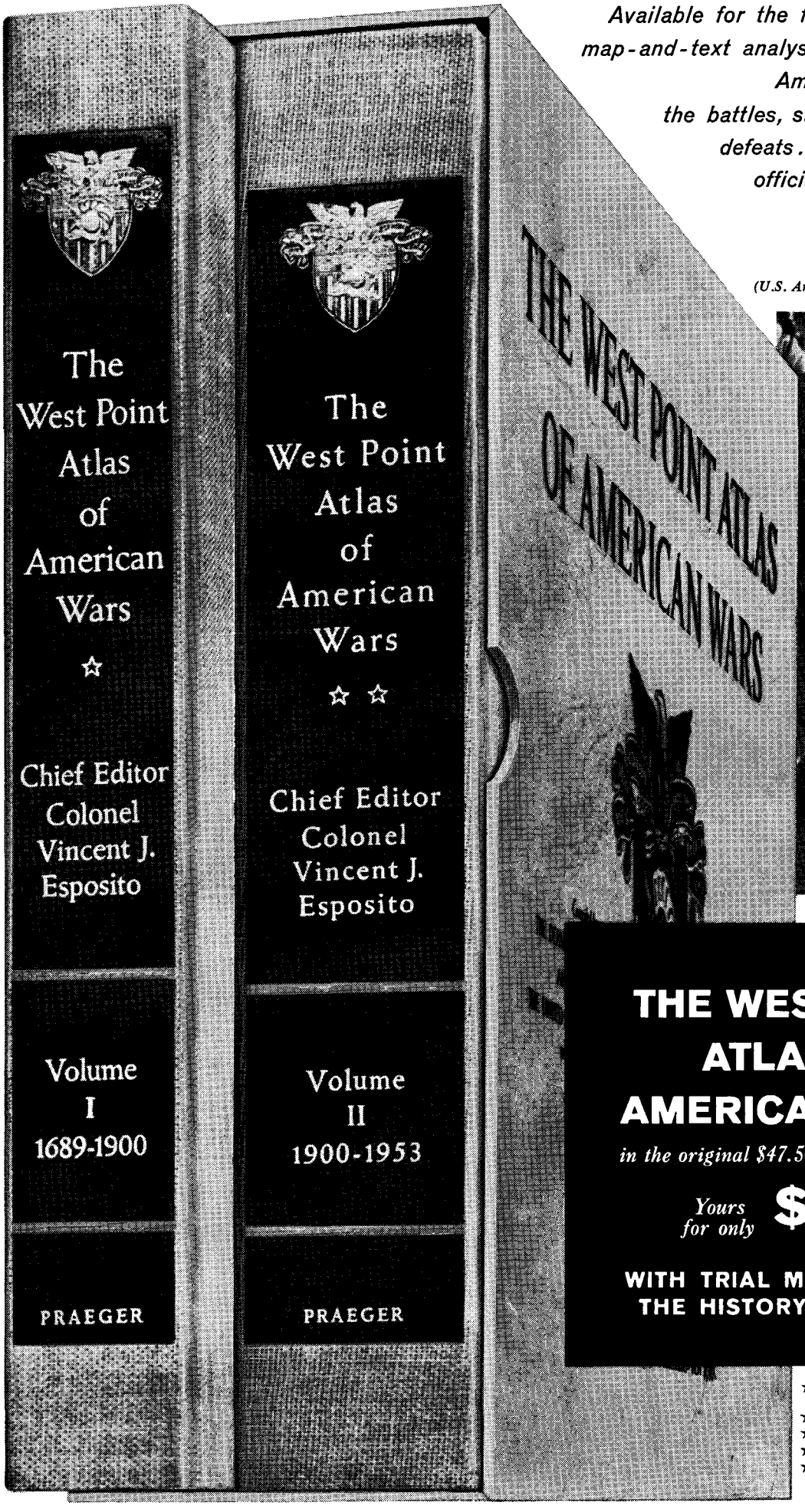
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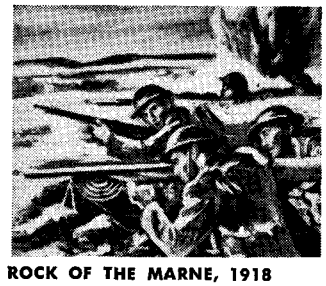

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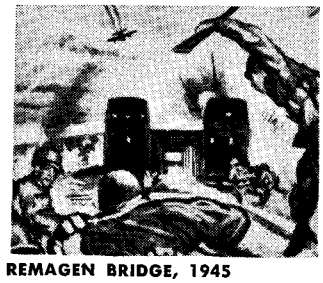

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Personal Impressions

The smartest Democrat of the 1960 convention was Harry S. Truman. He didn't come. It was, as he may have sensed, not his kind of convention. The old-timers fared badly. Eleanor Roosevelt, who gave her all for Stevenson, was treated with deference, but her one triumph of the week came when she successfully helped the harried chairman clear the aisles. Veteran captains like Lawrence of Pennsylvania and De Sapio of New York meekly followed their troops. Onetime bosses like Jim Farley and Jake Arvey were shadows on the fringe of affairs. Absent were such luminaries as Estes Kefauver, Paul Douglas, and Wayne Morse. And for all the comfort they drew from the proceedings, Lehman, Finletter, and Harriman might likewise have stayed at home. For this convention belonged not to the young in spirit but to chronological youth—discreet, hard, and at all times able to keep its voice down and its commitments cool.

A CONVENTION is a hundred-ring circus whose participants know only what is happening in their own ring—which is just as well. On the night of Kennedy's nomination a good part of the Georgia delegation held a wake in one of the two elevators of my modest hotel. The only hope one member could see was that besides Johnson himself, Kennedy was the one candidate whose name had been booed at the pre-convention rally of the N.A.A.C.P.

Fortunately, the Georgian was not present at a caucus of Negro delegates visited by Johnson after his own nomination the next evening. "The civil-rights plank is wonderful," a woman in the contingent told him, and then she added, "Please, please, Senator, don't walk out on us now." The Texan, at his most gallant, patted her hand and said, "Don't you worry, honey, I won't."

On the other hand, the senator probably did not see the juvenile demonstrators for Johnson, black and white, lined up outside the Biltmore. They all had scarlet capes, cardboard top hats bearing such legends as "All the Way with L.B.J.," and a variety of noisemakers. But if the facilities were equal, the demonstrators were kept wholly and unmistakably separate.

ONE CONVENTION scene that I am glad I caught on television rather than in the press gallery was Sam Rayburn vicariously gaveling through the vote to make Johnson the Vice-Presidential nominee by acclamation. When Chairman Collins hesitated, unable to tell whether the ayes had it (as though anyone could really detect a two-thirds majority by voice vote), Rayburn strained forward, his face a study in apoplectic impatience, his forearm violently slicing the air. And when Collins, at the prodding of the parliamentarian, at last found for the ayes, the old war horse sat back, as relaxed as though once again, in a split second, he had made a convention's mind conform to his own.

GORE VIDAL livened the week with a party at Romanoff's for Hollywood stars, New York delegates, literary lions, and stray reporters. The evening was inspired, the host admitted, by a whimsical desire to find himself saying: "Mr. De Sapio, this is Christopher Isherwood."

LIKE ROOSEVELT, Truman, and Stevenson before him, Kennedy has attracted a good and valuable share of those professors, actors, writers, and social workers who, as fringe politicians, take on the name of egghead. But it is fair to say that they wear their allegiance to Kennedy with a difference. They are not awed by him as they were by Roosevelt; they do not fondly patronize him, as they did Truman; and they do not identify themselves with him, as they did with Stevenson. They are for him but not altogether with him, and their uncertainty takes the defensive form of suggesting parallels with the Roosevelt of 1932. Reminders came streaming from these quarters that FDR took the nomination twenty-eight years ago by the same combination of tough organizing, shrewd maneuvering, and aristocratic charm; that he was written off by

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Must have the rounded cornea of youth,
Hard thoughts under rough hair must now supply
Precision-engineering of the truth.
So still the heart. There is no time at all
For surging gallantries or leaping hopes,
Time now belongs to the professional
Who knows, because he handles them, the ropes.
No longer in the center of the scene
The old bulls chew the cud of their defeats,
The father image fades upon the green,
And gentle men are ushered to their seats.
So may it be: the world is for the strong
Or there'll be no world—for the old or young.

—SEC

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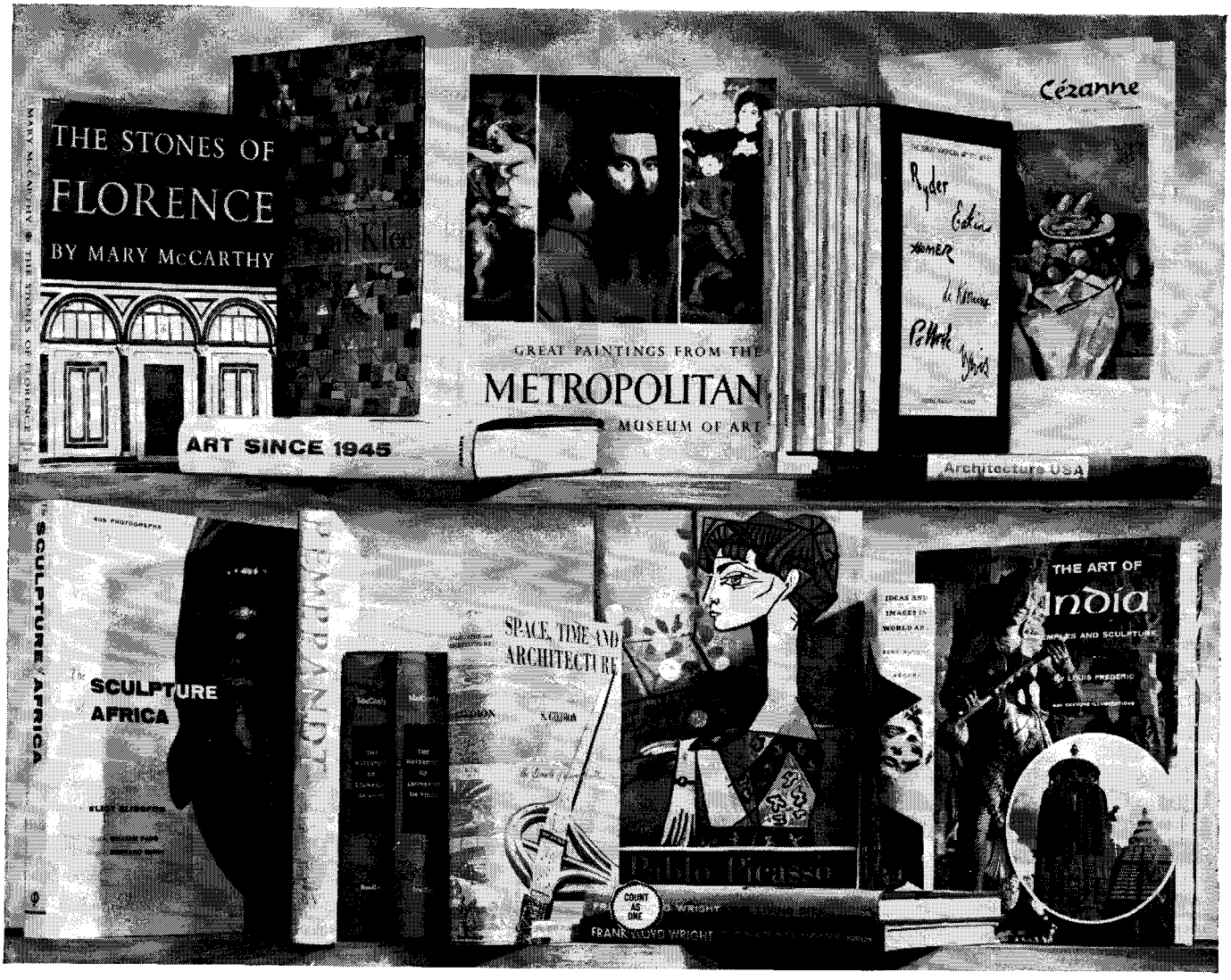

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such experts as Walter Lippmann as a man unfitted for awesome responsibility; that he left the delegates more impressed with the smoothness of his operation than jubilant over his success; and that he too chose a Texas conservative for his running mate. Now all that remains to be proved is whether history repeats itself or only historians.

—Robert Bendiner

Scrambled Eggheads

At noon on the day following the Democratic Vice-Presidential nomination, a bus carrying the eighteen convention delegates from Washington, D.C., pulled up in front of a make-believe saloon on a make-believe street in the heart of movieland. Behind the false façade, in an unused studio patriotically decorated with bunting, Columbia Pictures starlets and officials waited to welcome the delegates to luncheon. The trouble was that none of the delegates seemed to want to get off the bus.

Three thousand miles away from home, in a land where TV cowboys gallop past paper rocks and dying gangsters sit up in bed to tidy their lipstick, the visitors were busy arguing out the merits and demerits of Senator Lyndon Johnson. The discussions went on over seas of fruit and shrimp and potato salad, through the filming of a runaway horse scene and into the night, when Democratic Party wounds were theoretically healed by the acceptance speeches at the Coliseum.

What was perhaps most surprising was the sharpness of dissent within a delegation which came as close to being pure liberal as any at the convention. W. John Kenney, Under Secretary of the Navy under Truman and former head of the Economic Cooperation Administration in London, was the chairman. Frank Reeves, an N.A.A.C.P. lawyer who handled several of the Virginia school integration cases, was one of seven Negroes on the delegation, which also included two former presidents of Americans for Democratic Action, Joseph Rauh and Robert Nathan. In miniature, the D.C. delegation's story of bitter intramural disagreement, which on two occasions nearly came to blows,

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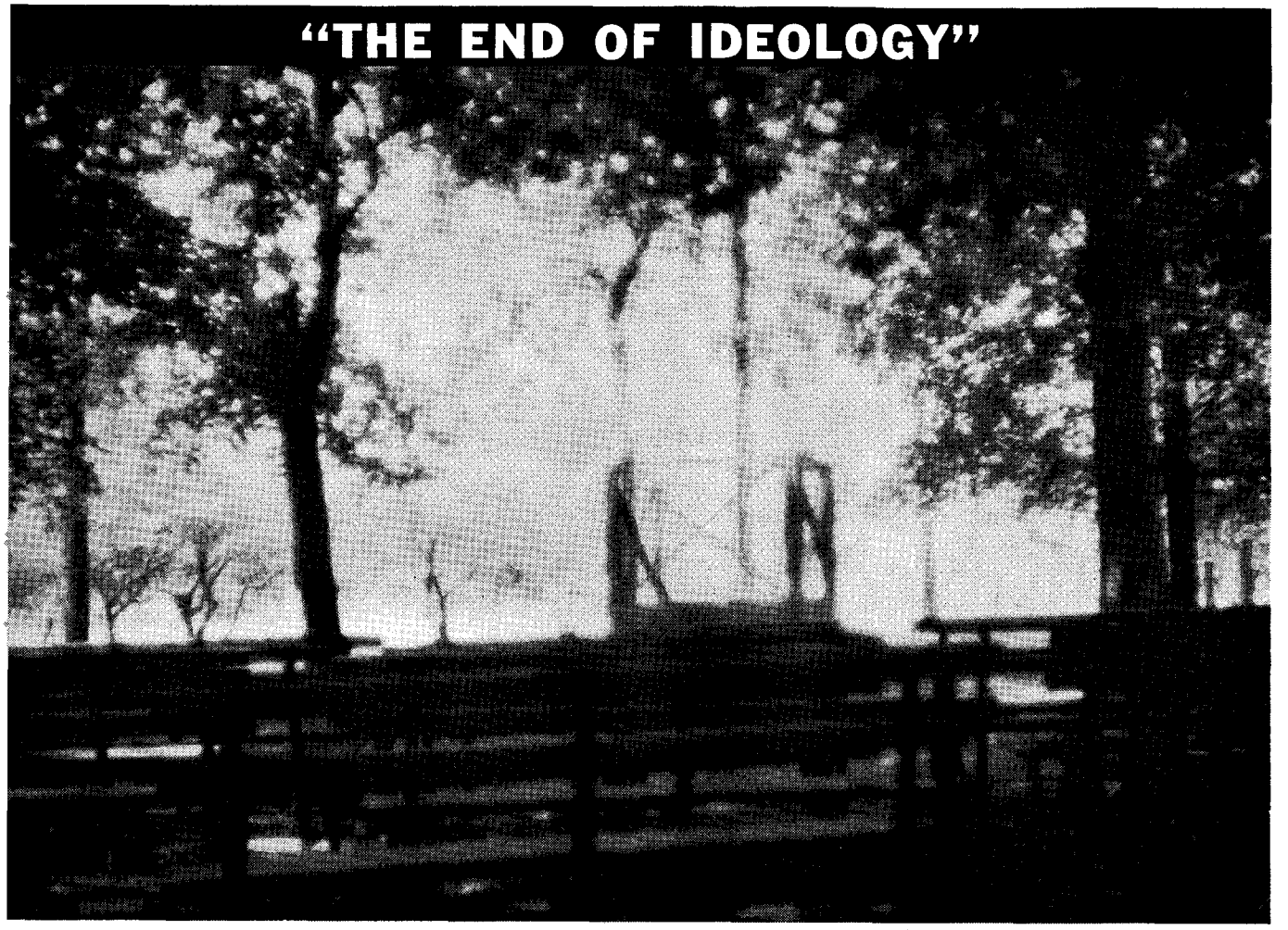

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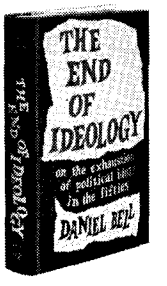

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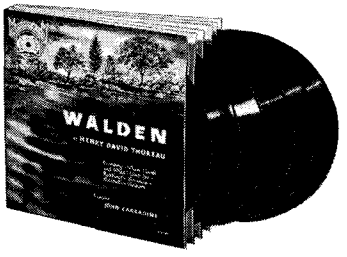

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is the story of a great many eggheads at the convention.

All but one of the half-vote delegates—Mrs. Margaret Butcher, a Wayne Morse supporter—were elected in April on a slate pledged to Hubert Humphrey. Three of the eighteen actually favored Stuart Symington, but because of their position in the community were invited to join the slate on the understanding that they would support Humphrey until he released the delegation. The difficulties began when the senator did just that.

A straw vote held early during convention week showed that the delegation was divided into nine votes for Kennedy, six for Stevenson, and three for Symington. While most of the "semi-pros," like Rauh and Mrs. Polly Shackleton, went for Kennedy, other key figures, like Walter Tobriner, who as head of the board of education guided the District through its integration struggles, seemed determined to stick with Stevenson on the basis of his experience and knowledge of foreign affairs. The D.C. delegates were bound to vote as a unit, and so there were in effect two equally matched camps, neither of which had the necessary majority. As pressure was applied both within the delegation and by outsiders like G. Mennen Williams for Kennedy and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt for Stevenson, Chairman Kenney, who had made up his mind in favor of Kennedy at the outset of the convention, found himself in the eye of the teapot hurricane. "The girls gave me the most trouble," he confessed genially. "These girls just won't get those Adlai stars out of their eyes."

At least two of those who stuck with Kennedy during those difficult days did so after receiving what they understood as assurances from the Kennedy camp that Johnson would not be the Vice-Presidential nominee, and one Kennedy delegate used as her chief talking point the warning that "a vote for Kennedy is a vote against Lyndon Johnson."

At the end of forty-eight hours of thrust and counterthrust, during which Humphrey further complicated matters by coming out for Stevenson, Chairman Kenney agreed to release the delegation from the unit rule, principally as a favor to Mr. Reeves, who as the first Negro national committeeman had been asked to second Senator Kennedy's nomination.

Had Kennedy not gone over the top with Wyoming's vote, which immediately preceded the District of Columbia's, the final tally would have been eight delegates (with a half vote each) for Kennedy, five for Stevenson, and five for Humphrey, including those of the three Symington supporters. Actually, all the votes went for Kennedy in a gesture of unanimity.

The next day the delegation was seated in the convention hall listening to a semi-final round of oratory when word came that Lyndon Johnson had been chosen as the Vice-Presidential nominee. Thunderstruck, the delegates caucused immediately and decided 12-6 not to support the nomination.

"I just couldn't do it to my people," said the Reverend Robert Jackson, minister of the John Wesley African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church and a Negro leader with national influence. "I had to weigh my conscience against my possible connections in the district, and my conscience won."

Most of those who went along with the Johnson nomination were long-time party figures who believed primarily in party loyalty. As F. Joseph ("Jiggs") Donohue, a District commissioner under President Truman and a Symington supporter, put it, "Here we had just nominated a man for the highest office in the United States, and we proposed to fight him on his very first decision."

But once again the delegation's internal quarrels were an academic matter. Johnson was nominated by acclamation and the District never got a chance to go down in the footnotes of history as the delegation that nominated Governor Orville Freeman of Minnesota for the Vice-Presidency. —Frances Lanahan

TO OUR READERS

Two nonconsecutive issues of *The Reporter* are dropped from the publishing schedule each summer. After this August 4 issue your next copy will be dated September 1. Our *regular fortnightly* schedule will then be resumed.

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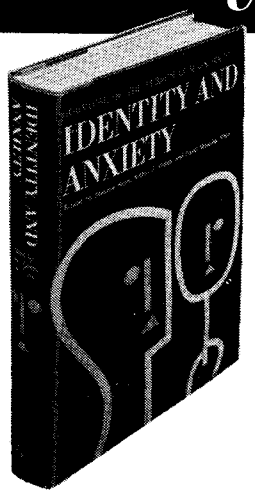

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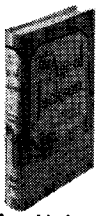

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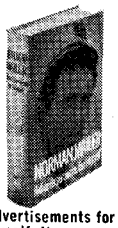

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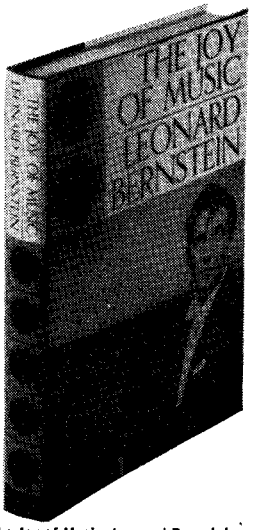

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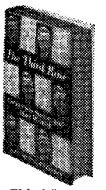

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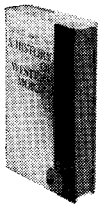

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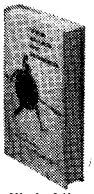

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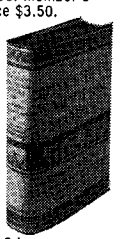

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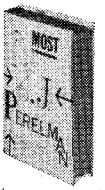

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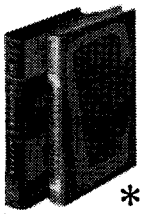

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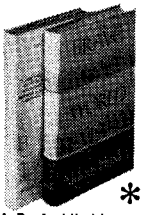

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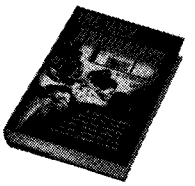

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THE NEW PROFESSORS

To the Editor: Spencer Klaw ("The Affluent Professors," *The Reporter*, June 23) has contributed an important service in raising some vital issues about college faculties. I am especially interested in this article because I am now finishing a three-year study on the economics of higher education.

Perhaps the most important point raised by Mr. Klaw is the increased inroads of research on the university budget. . . . With expenditures on organized research rising from $27 million in 1939-1940 to $734 million in 1957-1958 (twenty per cent of all educational outlays), the teaching function tends to become less important relatively in the large university. My own guess is that the eighteen universities which, according to the last count, spent ninety per cent of Federal research money, and many others, will continue to sacrifice teaching to the research function *relatively*. But absolute teaching resources may well still continue to grow in these institutions; and the liberal-arts colleges, the large urban universities, junior colleges, and other state-supported colleges will assume increased *relative* responsibilities for the students.

One may draw some false inferences from Mr. Klaw's article. The economic status and privileges of the profession are not so rosy as he suggests.

¶ The *real* pay (corrected for prices) of the professor at prestige universities is still below the 1930 level. Even at Harvard, with the highest average pay in the country, $17,000 plus $2,000 for fringes for 1960-1961 (*before* taxes), real income is below what it was in 1930. The average pay of full professors at liberal-arts colleges is still below $9,000, and rose by only four per cent in 1958-1959.

¶ These figures should be contrasted with an improvement in the income of the whole population by more than seventy per cent in these years *after* taxes. Mr. Klaw should be reminded that even if faculty salaries are increased by seven per cent a year, the faculty would gain on the rest of the population only two per cent a year. It would be a long, long time, despite the tremendous demand, before the faculty would regain its prewar relative position.

¶ Mr. Klaw makes much of outside income. But the facts do not support his position. He relies too much on a relatively few instances of professors who neglect their academic duties.

¶ One may get the impression from this article that services to the government, to the community, and even to party are undertaken for the monetary rewards or the fun. Actually professors are under pressure, and most of these services are free. One public-spirited professor well known to me testifies a half dozen times before Congressional committees each year, serves a state government and its committees, and not only gets no compensation but often pays his own transportation expenses.

¶ On the issues of leaves, conferences, etc., Mr. Klaw also tends to give a misleading impression. Even in my own department of economics, presumably a distinguished department with large demands upon it, leaves average about one year in seven—a few leave more often, but others do not take their sabbatical. The national average of leaves in 1957-1958 was four per cent, or an average of one leave in twenty-five years.

In short, the lure of college teaching is not in material rewards, though minimum pay is a condition for adequate recruitment. It would be too bad if the view spread that because ten thousand faculty members (out of 300,000) obtain a year's leave (generally to finish a book) or a few thousand others receive large consultation fees, the average professor is overpaid. In 1958-1959 the mean salary (all ranks) was $6,630, and for professors, $8,840 in undergraduate colleges of four-year institutions.

SEYMOUR E. HARRIS
Littauer Professor of Political Economy
Harvard University
President, Harvard Chapter
American Association
of University Professors

To the Editor: Spencer Klaw's piece couldn't be improved upon, and I congratulate him upon the balance and good judgment of the essay. It is not merely the humanities that suffer in this queer situation; all elementary classes in any subject tend to suffer likewise, but perhaps nowhere more so than in physics. The full professor flying off to Afghanistan or Tutuila we can manage in graduate instruction; but if he is simultaneously the responsible person in charge of Government 1, or Physics A, or (more unlikely) French for Beginners (fourteen sections), we are in real difficulties. We have to cover up for him in his absence, and his protracted absence does nothing for staff morale. I am minded to write this way because this morning I had to answer a long-distance telephone call from a distinguished university in the Middle West—for God's sake, would I find them two characters who could teach freshman English for three years. I suspect, though I do not know, that an upward movement from the high schools, sparked, in fairness let it be said, by government money spent on summer institutes, may reduce the amount of elementary education required in colleges and universities, but I doubt that in the long run the situation will be radically altered. Our problem will remain: how do you get the boys through beginning physics, chemistry, English, political science, economics, or what have you, when the head of the department and a significant number of his confreres are here only a fraction of the

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academic year? I think we teach too much at graduate levels, and I doubt that we teach with sufficient intelligence at beginning levels.

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES
Cambridge, Massachusetts

To the Editor: It is quite wonderful that many of my academic colleagues can consult for dog-food companies, help in the preparation of position papers for the State Department, and give status position to the top echelons of our white-collar empires, but where does the next generation of university professors come from unless the college teacher of today inspires his students to think, to criticize, to create?

This kind of teaching inspiration is in such obvious short supply on most college greens that it might be fruitful if a large grant were allotted to some of my whirling colleagues to stay at home and investigate the effectiveness of the teaching going on in their own back yards.

ROBERT L. FORBES
Assistant Professor of Education
Ohio University
College of Education
Athens

To the Editor: I am frankly concerned with the popular overemphasis on research, consulting work, and international junkets engaged in by increasing numbers of educators. To many, the student is just a necessary evil—the college and university merely a place to hang one's hat and rest up between jobs.

GILBERT O. HOURTOULE
Assistant Dean
Lafayette College
Easton, Pennsylvania

WHAT IS BUBUD?

To the Editor: I have had about a decade and a half of direct contact with the Bureau of the Budget, and Edward L. Katzenbach's article "Bubud's Defense Policy" (*The Reporter*, June 23) was the first time I had heard of "Bubud" in reference to the bureau. However, I do concur, from experience, with the writer's thesis as to the contributions of the bureau to the inadequacy of defense policy and capability.

Incidentally, it is not correct, in my judgment, to refer to the Snark, the Navaho, or the B-70 as "major busts." The Snark is operational and useful; the Navaho supplied the rockets and engines for the Atlas, Thor, and Jupiter. The B-70 was cut back by the budgeteers and will be reinstated as one of the most important defense projects.

The article is also not accurate in its assertions that the bureau does not cut out bases which the services would like to close. Many of them are cut out in spite of the vigorous protests of members of Congress directly affected.

Over-all, however, it is a timely and provocative article.

STUART SYMINGTON
United States Senate

The mature female is coming into her own as a love symbol and an object of passion.

MARYA MANNES

said it recently in Esquire, writing of Simone Signoret. Other perceptive critics keeping Esquire readers abreast of 20th Century **mores:** Malcolm Muggeridge, André Maurois, C. Northcote Parkinson, John Mason Brown, John Steinbeck.

The American people have picked more indifferent and bad Presidents than good and great Presidents.

ERIC SEVAREID

made the point recently in Esquire, writing of the ideal candidate for 1960. Other observers making Esquire readers wonder what ever became of punch-pulling: Senator Jacob Javits, Joseph Kraft, Richard Rovere, David Schoenbrun, Emmet John Hughes.

Some Americans live in Rome because of the income tax and some Americans live in Rome because they're divorced or oversexed ...but we live in Rome because my father's bones lie in the Protestant Cemetery.

JOHN CHEEVER

described it recently in Esquire. Other contemporary storytellers keeping delighted Esquire readers up late: Theodore H. White, William Styron, Carson McCullers, William Faulkner, Arthur Miller, Kingsley Amis, Anthony C. West.

When monster meets monster, one monster has to give way, and it will never be me. I'm an older hand at it, with much more natural aptitude at it than you have.

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

threw the line to Ariadne del Lago in "Sweet Bird of Youth," published complete in Esquire simultaneous with the Broadway opening. Others choosing Esquire to break major literary news: Archibald MacLeish (with his TV play, "The Secret of Freedom"), Gian-Carlo Menotti (the complete libretto of "Vanessa"), Charles de Gaulle (excerpts from the new memoirs), even Emperor Hirohito (he writes poetry).

BEN SHAHN

picked up his pencil recently for Esquire, presented the magazine's fascinated readers with a visual analysis of the characters from Hamlet (q.v., above). Others making Esquire one of America's most distinguished showcases of the visual arts: artists Leslie Saalburg, Tom Allen, John Groth; photographers Louis Renault, Gjon Mili, Richard Avedon.

I carry about with me through all my days a list of Things I Do Not Understand. One is the principle of the zipper. The other is the precise function of Bernard Baruch.

DOROTHY PARKER

swings into book reviews for Esquire like Mantle up at bat. Other irregular "regulars" reviewing the pleasure domes for Esquire readers: Martin Mayer (records), Nat Hentoff (jazz), Joseph Wechsberg (gourmet), Dwight Macdonald (films), Richard Joseph (travel) who made a discovery recently worth the price of ten Esquire subscriptions: in the Canary Islands, wine costs 7 cents a bottle.

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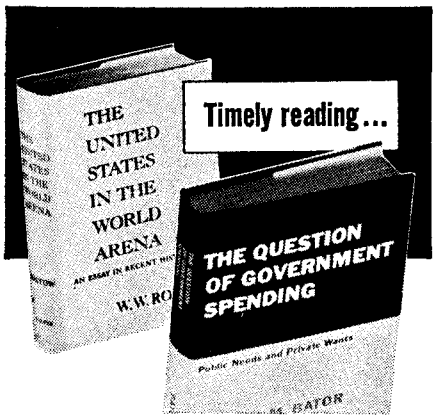
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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

A TASK FORCE from *The Reporter* was, of course, at the Democratic convention in Los Angeles—not to "cover" it, as the saying goes: this tumultuous, many-sided event can never be covered. Each of our writers just tried to describe episodes as he or she happened to see them. Contributing Editor **Robert Bendiner's** jottings are to be found on the Notes pages, followed by a report on the hours of anguish that some distinguished delegates of the liberal denomination went through. **Frances Lanahan** has recently written an introduction for *Six Tales of the Jazz Age* (Scribner), by her father, F. Scott Fitzgerald. Our staff poet, **Sec,** followed the convention by television, and that is probably why her detached reflections are couched in the classical form of a sonnet. **Max Ascoli** was in the Sports Arena—not to collect material for an editorial but to give our readers an account of his moods and feelings. Washington Editor **Douglass Cater's** attention was centered on the man who turned out to be the major hero of the convention, Senator Kennedy—a young man whose constant growth Mr. Cater has been watching for some time.

THE SITUATION ABROAD was constantly in our editor's mind when he was in the Sports Arena, and some of the articles that follow are just a sample of the troubles that are facing us or are waiting for us. **George Bailey,** our regular Berlin correspondent, discusses the form the Kremlin's new-old policy may take in the drive that is being prepared to save Khrushchev's face in East Germany and ultimately capture the besieged city of West Berlin. . . . As we have said before, Who cares whether Fidel Castro & Co. are card-carrying members of the Communist Party? They act like party-liners—at the University of Havana among other places. The Federation of University Students that is getting control of it is certainly only a small Fidelista minority of the student body. **George Sherman,** whose account of the new look in Soviet journalism appears later in this issue, is a correspondent for the London *Observer.* . . . Dr. Castro is about the only remaining friend of President Sukarno of Indonesia—under the common banner "Trouble-makers of the World, Unite!" **Willard A. Hanna,** a free-lance writer who has recently visited Indonesia, suggests that Bung Karno's latest slogan may not be enough to avert final catastrophe. . . . **André Fontaine** of *Le Monde* analyzes the aims and methods of President Charles de Gaulle in his determination to restore France to its *grandeur.* . . . Early in June the Communist-led World Federation of Trade Unions met in Peking. The clash that developed between supporters of Khrushchev and of Mao made Communist history. **Isaac Deutscher,** author of *The Great Contest: Russia and the West* (Oxford), suggests that if controversy among various national Communist Parties is no longer to be considered a cardinal sin, it may become difficult to prevent a spread of controversy within the parties themselves. . . . On March 30 the police commissioner of a little town in Sicily was murdered by an epileptic little man with a hernia. Investigation led police and newspaper reporters through accounts of illicit loves and the pompous little thugs of the Mafia, and ended perilously close to the seat of government in Rome itself. **Claire Sterling** is our Mediterranean correspondent. . . . **Nat Hentoff,** who writes regularly for us about many things, devotes himself in this issue to a study of the "Messenger of Allah to the Lost-Found Nation of Islam in North America."

Lois Phillips Hudson has contributed several short stories to *The Reporter.* The latest was "The King's Birthday," in our issue of December 24, 1959. . . . **Roland Gelatt** is editor of *High Fidelity.* . . . **Alfred Kazin** is a regular contributor. . . . **George Steiner** is the author of *Tolstoy or Dostoevsky* (Knopf). . . . **John Simon** is director of member service at the Mid-Century Book Club.

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From the Sports Arena

MAX ASCOLI

THERE NEVER has been anything like the politics of our country, and there is no better evidence of this than a Presidential convention. The birth of the nation is there celebrated in an extremely lowbrow re-enactment of that compact among several states and interests out of which the Union was born. As the Union has immensely grown in size and complexity and power, so has the Bacchanalia in which the bond between the people and the institution is once more resealed, with the offering of a new or a renewed leadership to the nation as a whole.

At the end of the five-day rites, a tentative order emerges from chaos. Fortunately, as in baseball, we have two leagues, and two offers of leadership are made within the span of a couple of weeks.

Radio and TV of course have brought the sound and the images of the convention within the reach of everybody who cares. But the thing has to be lived. Those who attend the convention, no matter in what capacity, cannot turn off or find escape on another channel. They are trapped. They are particles of a mob, most frequently swept away by the same feelings or moods as those of the other people swarming, surging around. Actually, there is not much room for reasoning at a convention, and everybody is made to play a ceremonial role of a sort—including the professionals of reason or of analytical observation who melancholically observe that the whole thing is a circus and doesn't make any sense, and that some other way ought to be found to nominate a Presidential candidate. These melancholic reactions, too, are an integral part of the ritual.

AT LOS ANGELES, it was more so than at any other recent convention—if for no other reason than that it was at Los Angeles. The Sports Arena is enormous, and so was the mob inside it. As in every case of mob rule, somebody was ruling the mob. The general awareness that only one game was being played contributed to a universal feeling of uneasiness, made more disturbing by the sense that the chance for any other alternative had gone by well before the convention began its deliberations.

There seemed to be a sense of outrage at the Kennedy operators, obviously guilty of having played the game of pre-convention politics too well. Even in Los Angeles they were playing to perfection, and this, for some reason, seemed to make a number of delegates in the Kennedy camp restless. These troubled souls knew that Kennedy was going to be nominated anyway, but would have loved to give Stevenson a consolation prize of some kind.

Stevenson's career as a pretender to the nation's leadership was reaching its end. Somehow, that career had been inextricably tied to that of Eisenhower. In 1952, he had all of a sudden risen to national and world fame by saying all of the things that were expected of Eisenhower and that Eisenhower had failed to say. Even later, he had occasionally talked exactly as the leader of the nation should have talked, and had been the conscience of the nation. But his capacity for leadership never had a chance either to be exerted or measured. And no one can remain a conscience-at-large for so many years without acquiring a somewhat ghostly quality.

The passing of Stevenson as a major figure on the American scene swept the convention with gusts of emotion. Unfortunately, the emotion was more in the galleries than among the delegates, and even more in the throngs outside, massed all around the arena and ready to break in had it not been for the alertness of the Los Angeles police. Some people were acutely uncomfortable while the long, riotous demonstration for Stevenson went on and on, and I like to assume that the most uncomfortable of them all was Adlai Stevenson.

BUT THERE WERE also moments of great exhilaration at the Democratic convention. When the platform was read, for instance, and the message it contained was hailed as the dawn of a new era by all the delegations but those of the Solid South. A platform usually is a catalogue of laudable intentions, destined to remain unsoiled by compliance, no matter whether the party wins or loses.

The one adopted in Los Angeles is remarkable on a number of grounds. It talks of national purposes (lack of); it repeatedly defines ours as an "open society," thereby proving that the title of Professor Popper's book, ten years after publication, has become a bipartisan cliché; it pays its respects to "the revolution of rising expectations"; it proclaims an assorted number of rights, nine in all, for the individual, including the right to peace, but it discreetly avoids mentioning the agencies that will guarantee the enforcement of these rights or provide for their cost. An average economic growth of five per cent annually will take care of everything—of course without inflation.

AND THEN, to keep the mob edgy, there were all those rumors vainly searching for factual evidence, and all those prejudices that could be muttered but not easily or decently rationalized. The leading rumor was about Kennedy's expenditures, and the leading prejudice was about his religion. It is a singularly ugly prejudice, for in a country like ours, a Catholic President can-

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not help being a-clerical and therefore occasionally and potentially anti-clerical, thus freeing his fellow Catholics from the compulsion of acting together in political matters according to the wishes expressed or attributed to the clergy. A Catholic President would inevitably give to the people of his faith the example of how to be more independent of the high prelates, and closer to Rome—or to the attitude that Rome is familiar with among the Catholic heads of government of great nations. De Gaulle is probably a more religious man than Senator Kennedy, yet nobody would think of him as obedient to the wishes of the French or the ultramontane clergy. Neither would the Vatican.

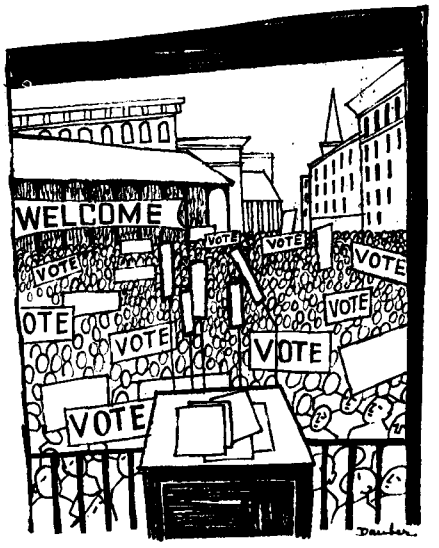
SOMETIMES when rhetoric was merrily, endlessly, flowing from the rostrum, or when adolescents of various ages were parading for The Man, or balloons were floated from all over —sometimes the numbed mind of the spectator couldn't help falling into the haunting thought of all the weak spots all over the world where the security of our nation is threatened. The responsibility for these weak spots does not rest entirely with the Republican administration. It does not even rest entirely with Khrushchev. The haunting thought went to Tokyo, and to Korea and to Turkey and to the Congo, and to Cuba, and to Italy, round and round.

A Communist revolution may have been averted in Italy, but just. A corrupt government was in power there, thanks to the support of the neo-Fascist party. Not since 1948, when the Communists staged their last paralyzing general strike, have Italians had such a taste of riot, strikes, and police brutality—or have the Communists themselves enjoyed such command of the streets. Certainly Togliatti, who had dined with Khrushchev only a few days before the rioting broke out, was ready to make the best of the opportunity. In hundreds of northern towns and villages, where over 250,000 partisans had fought during the war—and 70,000 had died—old partisan warriors who had long ago withdrawn from politics suddenly came to life.

We are under a Soviet siege. It may happen, and well before the election, that Khrushchev gets so emboldened by the hiatus in our government as to force on us a test of will. He cannot go on pushing us around, and we cannot put too much reliance on his remaining faithful to his own vital center in between Mao and Tito. He has been challenging us over and over again about Cuba. The missile gap may become a major danger in the years ahead. But he must not believe that there is a gap in our will power today. Or else the showdown will come.

It may be over the Congo, where the U.N. has moved—as it had to—thus proving that its authority can be tested in a much larger area than the Middle East. Or it may be over the internal order of an allied country where the government breaks down and a Communist united front is ready to take over. By and large, the weakest spots of our foreign policy are in the internal politics of the countries on our side.

MEANWHILE, the popular rites of the party convention proceed on schedule according to tradition. Youngsters and oldsters are marching with their gay colored hats; the


WELCOME
VOTE
VOTE
VOTE

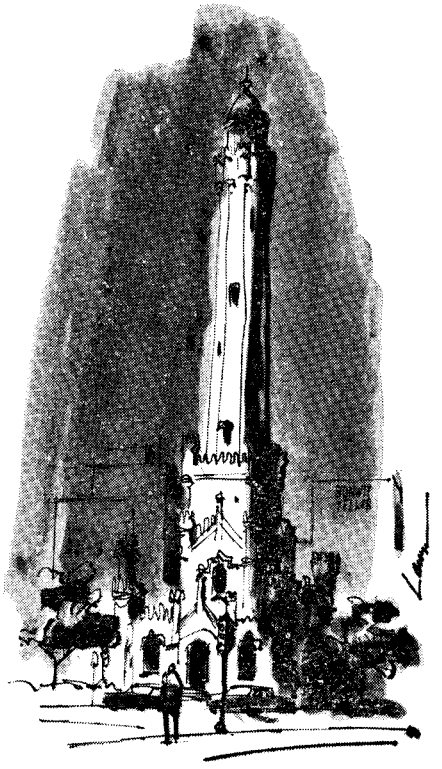
A Tide in the Affairs of John F. Kennedy

DOUGLASS CATER

DESPITE THE VAGARIES of their candidate, the Stevenson managers did have a last-ditch gambit that might have lent excitement to, if it did not upset, the predestined outcome of the convention in Los Angeles. The object was to stall for a second ballot. They thought they had a firm commitment from Governor Robert Meyner not to switch the New Jersey delegation so long as Kennedy stood more than ten votes away from the necessary 761. Indiana was ready to break away from Kennedy after the first ballot. South Dakota and Kansas were reportedly rumbling with revolt. California was in open rebellion against the pro-Kennedy urgings of Governor Pat Brown. Senators Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania and Stephen Young of Ohio were said to be ready to lead insurrections in their delegations.

Much depended, it turned out, on the little Iowa delegation, whose twenty-six votes had been pledged at the state convention to support its favorite son, Governor Herschel C. Loveless, for at least one ballot. But Loveless had Vice-Presidential ambitions and believed he had good reason to hope Kennedy would honor them. Only the night before the balloting, his assistant told a meeting of Stevenson strategists gathered in Room 362 of their old Paramount headquarters, "You may think Senator Jackson has been promised the second spot. We know Loveless has it." It was, he said, a "hard offer."

But there was some uncertainty as to whether the Iowa delegation was obligated to carry out its state convention mandate even if Loveless withdrew his name from nomination. On Tuesday, the day before the balloting, Iowa delegate Sherwin Markham, who was for Stevenson, got a tentative ruling from the convention parliamentarian, Clarence Cannon, that the state's votes had to be cast for Loveless regardless. But next day, after a four-hour wrangle behind the speaker's platform, Cannon reversed his ruling. The Stevenson supporters accepted defeat when Speaker Rayburn, acting for Johnson, went along with Cannon. Later, they ruefully pointed out that if the votes Iowa gave Kennedy had been withheld, and if Wyoming, the District of Columbia, and the territories had voted according



to plan, and if there had been no switches, Kennedy would have been sixteen votes shy on the first ballot.

It was admittedly an iffy proposition. But up to the very last there was a widespread feeling that the Kennedy band wagon was of a fairly fragile variety. Like some kind of jet-propelled aircraft, it had to keep moving to keep from crashing. Carmine De Sapio, the New York political boss, alluded to this in speaking of Kennedy the night before the convention opened. "He outsmarted all the pros," De Sapio said admiringly. "But if he had ever stumbled just once, the wolves would have closed in on him."

The Luck of the Irish

Even in retrospect, it is hard to see how Kennedy made it. Over and beyond youth and religion, he has had other handicaps to overcome. He is not a born politician with a natural affinity for men and issues. He is rather a self-made entrepreneur in politics who has advanced by a rigorous discipline. Even after four years on the Presidential campaign circuit, the rhythms of speech and gesture still have to be forcefully mastered.

A great deal of his career seems to have been nudged along by chance. According to his own admission, he entered politics mainly because his older brother Joe, the political member of the family, had been killed in the war and the second son was expected to take over. He moved up to the major league in 1952 by beating Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, who until too late in the campaign was preoccupied with helping Eisenhower. (Kennedy, a callow thirty-four years old at the time, was somewhat awed by his party's Presidential nominee, who during a tour in Massachusetts treated him with great affection on the stump, then rode along to the next engagement without exchanging a single pleasantry.)

It was Adlai Stevenson who contributed the largest share of accidental assistance to the making of John F. Kennedy when he decided to throw the Vice-Presidential nomination open to a floor fight at the 1956 convention. Had he decided to pick Kennedy, whom he clearly preferred to Kefauver, many would have claimed that a Catholic had contributed to the Democratic disaster that year. Instead, after a surprisingly good showing, Kennedy

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lost gracefully. Amid the debris of the 1956 campaign, he launched his own campaign for 1960.

There are other, more recent examples of Kennedy's amazing good luck: Suppose Humphrey had not consented to oppose him in the primaries, thereby allowing him to eliminate early on the threat from his Left. Suppose Johnson had failed to hold a large regional bloc of votes that might otherwise have been attached to a border-state candidate like Symington. Suppose Stevenson, whose indecisiveness proved as helpful in 1960 as in 1956, had not helped keep a stop-Kennedy drive from getting started.

Some of the things that have happened to Kennedy almost verge on the occult. Consider, for instance, the fact that Kennedy, in drawing lots for use of the two model homes on display next door to the convention hall which served as candidate command posts, got the better one, bearing the name "The Presidential," while Johnson drew "The Influential" and Symington got nothing. When Kennedy drew first place in the order of speakers to the Pennsylvania caucus, Johnson remarked mournfully, "Lucky Lyndon—I always come in last."

The Children's Crusade

A political career is not fashioned out of luck alone. When De Sapio remarked that Kennedy had "outsmarted the pros," he overlooked the fact that the senator and his cohorts are no amateurs themselves, but represent a new professionalism in politics. Unlike the Kefauver insurgents of 1952 and 1956, the young Kennedy pros have not fought against the old established pros unless it was absolutely necessary. They might bully Mike DiSalle in Ohio and Governor Tawes in Maryland, but they could proceed cautiously in dealing with De Sapio in New York, Daley in Chicago, and even the unfortunate Pat Brown in California.

Political analysts boggle at trying to understand how some of these kids playing politics knew what they were doing. Thirty-two-year-old Ted Sorenson, Kennedy's top strategist and chief traveling companion during the early junkets, had attended only one national convention before in his life. Yet he compiled a four-thousand-name card catalogue of politicians more definitive than any since Jim Farley's time. Thirty-four-year-old Robert Kennedy consorted with governors and political bosses several decades his senior, handing out brutal ultimatums to some whom he deferentially addressed as "Sir." (Bobby's real genius for politics is tempered by a trace of vindictiveness not apparent in his brother. After the nomination, Senator Humphrey, who had given eleventh-hour support to Stevenson, was told that Bobby

Kennedy's No. 1 objective now would be the political demise of Hubert Humphrey.)

Money certainly played a role. The use of a comfortably appointed private plane during the primaries, for example, meant escape from the kind of wear and tear that Humphrey underwent when he had to rush from a Senate roll call for a scheduled flight and, missing it, stand by for another one that could take him on his rounds, weary and hours late. It is a sad and sobering fact of life that Presidential politics in America is more than ever a sport for the rich or their protégés.

Undoubtedly, Kennedy money has flowed—at a rock-bottom estimate, three-quarters of a million dollars during the primary period alone. But the reporter also comes across numerous instances in which Kennedy has shown a rich man's parsimony. One volunteer of modest means, who offered long and valuable service in Maryland, was left to pay his own air-coach ticket to help still more in Los Angeles.

The Kennedy operation was also niggardly with titles. A state campaign leader was not made "chairman" but served as "secretary." Connecticut Democratic Chairman John Bailey, a Kennedy chieftain from the beginning, never did get the expected designation of campaign manager. It was an army with few generals.

The Education of a Candidate

Neither money nor titles account for the kind of loyalty that has been committed to the senator's campaign service. Two of the Kennedy organizing men, Larry O'Brien, newly appointed executive director of the National Democratic Committee, and Ken O'Donnell, are considered by some pros as better than any in recent memory. Sorenson as chief co-ordinator of the brain trusters, Robert Wallace for economic matters, Ralph Dungan on labor, Meyer Feldman for legislation, Richard Goodwin, Frederick Holborn—most of them on the short side of forty—are all superior public servants. Like F.D.R. but apparently with a surer sense of discrimination, Kennedy has been more successful than any other Washington politician in funneling to himself the intellectual outpourings of the universities.

This talent for organization promises a quick Kennedy takeover of the Democratic party structure. At nine o'clock the morning after the Vice-Presidential nominee had been selected, Bobby Kennedy and Larry O'Brien were passing out to the state party chairmen loose-leaf notebooks containing registration statistics prepared for each state. They wanted to establish the point, they explained, that the Kennedy campaign had not even paused for a breather.

William Walton, an artist in Washington with no background in ward politics, was one of those commandeered for the Wisconsin primary after a casual conversation one evening

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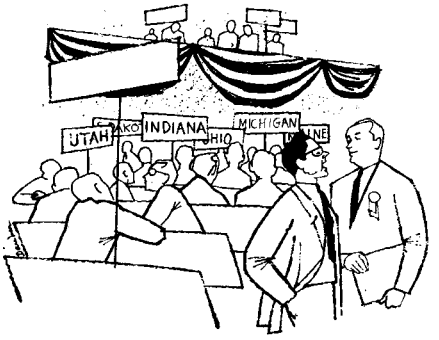
last winter during which the senator asked, "Will you give me one month of your life?" A half year later Walton was still hard at work in Los Angeles, having discovered he had an unsuspected zest for politics.

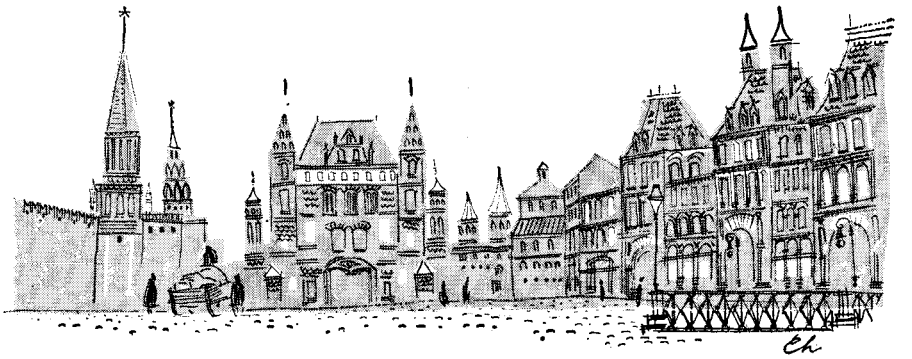
But Walton, who is a highly sensitive observer, also discovered unsuspected qualities in Kennedy. Especially during the West Virginia primary, faced with a formidable combination of poverty, rural skepticism, and religious suspicion, Kennedy seemed to acquire new stature and new depths. There were times, according to Walton, when the senator himself was surprised by his ability to meet a challenge and to establish a communion with people and situations totally alien to any he had previously known. Walton believes that Kennedy added measurably to his social consciousness in West Virginia. Interestingly enough, Hubert Humphrey agrees with this.

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, Kennedy's convention performance was the work of a political virtuoso. By encouraging the party platform's zealous solicitation of every organized minority group, he looked beyond the convention itself to the November election. In proffering Lyndon Johnson second place on the ticket, he not only tended shrewdly to limit regional dissension within the party but he helped ensure that the Presidency itself will be a more workable proposition should he have the job next January.

At a certain moment during his acceptance speech, nominee Kennedy's voice seemed to search out a lower octave, more forceful and less strident than it used to be. There was a new eloquence. It may have marked one more breakthrough in the progress of a politician who has pursued the Presidency so relentlessly for so long.



AT HOME & ABROAD



Under Soviet Siege

GEORGE BAILEY

BERLIN

KHRUSHCHEV's speech at Baku three weeks before the summit collapse was widely interpreted as an expression of the Soviet realization that the game of negotiation with the West on equal diplomatic terms was already lost. At least a month earlier it had become clear that bombastic Soviet threats against Berlin had merely served to close western ranks as never before. It was also clear what havoc a Soviet tactical retreat on Berlin was bound to cause among East German Communists.

There were, of course, other indications that seemed ominous for the West: student riots in South Korea, a military *Putsch* in Turkey, and the crescendo of crisis in Cuba were greeted with jubilation in East Berlin as heavy blows against the international prestige of the United States. The U-2 incident came as a godsend to the Soviet Union because it enabled Khrushchev to drop his bankrupt negotiation policy, brand the United States as a perfidious aggressor, and, most important, declare once again that a great gulf existed between the capitalist government and the people of the United States. Then came violent mass demonstrations in Tokyo against the U.S.-Japanese security treaty, and Communist functionaries in East Berlin were overjoyed at the news.

At the Third Party Congress of the Romanian Communist Party at Bucharest, Khrushchev in effect proclaimed a shift of emphasis not only from overt Chinese military aggression but also from his own policy of personal diplomacy and Camp David coexistence—a shift back to the classic conspiratorial tactic of engineering and/or exploiting political agitation as the essential weapon of orthodox Communism. In East Germany the passage in Khrushchev's Bucharest speech containing his call for a return to tried-and-true methods was published under the heading "Every people must force its government into coexistence." Walter Ulbricht, the East German Communist boss, simultaneously issued his own call to the West German workers to "speak Japanese" to Adenauer.

That Man in the Kremlin

A number of recent incidents—the roughing up of Allied military mission personnel in East Germany, Soviet action in (and reaction to) the chaos in the Congo, the shooting down of an RB-47 in the Arctic—would seem to indicate that the return to classical Communist tactics ordered by Khrushchev at Bucharest is being carried out with a vengeance. "Look," said a Communist official in East Berlin recently, "what difference will it make to world public opinion even if the U.N. Investigating Commission does determine that the RB-47 was thirty miles away from Soviet territory? Thirty miles is close enough."

Khrushchev's apparent belief that

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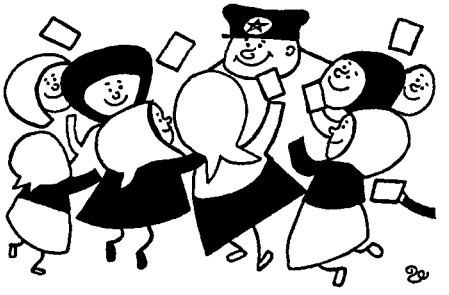
the West was ready to accept coexistence on his terms had put conspiracy and political agitation on ice, and the Chinese Communists' insistence on bludgeoning countries like India from without rather than boring from within almost killed it. In East Germany party functionaries were confused and dismayed by the conflicting policies: they were faced with the impossible task of combining outrageous demands with sweet reasonableness. One German described the "Like Ike, hate Adenauer" attitude as patently absurd. Their bitterness was encouraged by Chinese Communist diplomats and trade officials in East Germany. "What kind of Communist is Khrushchev?" East German officials began asking. "What does he think he is doing?" As if to offset Khrushchev's pursuit of harmony in East-West relations, the East German régime almost openly embraced the extreme leftism of the Chinese in its internal affairs. There was a strong tendency to do so anyway, since East Germany is exposed to outside influences unknown to any other Communist régime. The recent pell-mell drive to complete collectivization of agriculture, involving almost half of East Germany's arable land in three months, was directly inspired and assiduously abetted by the Chinese. The Chinese Communists' concept of the "great leap forward" and their faith in the supernatural short cut to a Marxist Utopia as embodied in the communes may have shocked conservative Soviets, but to embattled East German Communists it seemed the perfect antidote to the paralyzing indifference of the East German population.

Although everybody now agrees that the Chinese-East German Communist flirtation is over, the Chinese extremist line has caused damage to the East German economy that can be remedied only by the continuation of an extremist line. The enthusiasm of the party leadership resulted in a series of spectacular but thoroughly Pyrrhic victories. Since the summit, Ulbricht and his clique have discovered with horror that while they may issue party directives at will, they are powerless to implement them. The result is that the chronic administrative chaos of the régime has been compounded. The food crisis that has plagued the country since last September is now openly admitted by the party. The Central Committee also admits widespread falsification of production figures.

Worst of all, however, is the recent discovery that the vaunted complete collectivization of agriculture has been achieved in name only. East German peasants have accepted the title of "collective farmers," but they continue to farm exactly as before. A Dresden newspaper describes the typical rural attitude this way: "So long as the West Berlin question is unsolved and a piece of the West lies in the middle of our republic, it's possible that everything will change back again—and on farms too. So we'd better go slow with collectivization."

Watch Berlin

Khrushchev's climb-down on the West Berlin question was a great blow to the East German Communist régime. The party leadership pinned its hopes and the whole fantastic structure of its claims on the prospect of a fairly quick liquidation of West Berlin. The reason is obvious: West Berlin is a constant, undeniable reminder that the German Democratic Republic is a temporary thing. As such, Berlin is absolutely intolerable to the Communists. The crisis of con-



fidence caused by the eight-month moratorium on Communist demands for a free city of West Berlin has obliged Khrushchev to remind the East rather than the West from time to time that the issue is still alive. It is the least he can do to keep East German morale from complete collapse.

For the same reason the East German régime is constrained to keep up pressure on Berlin by propaganda and technical harassment. Because of the straits in which the East Germans find themselves, West Berlin authorities are inclined to take such threats seriously. According to experts, there is now a distinct possibility that the East Germans will try to engineer disturbances—"perhaps verging on a major provocation," I was told—in West Berlin in November, when a lame-duck administration will render the American government weakest and most indecisive. Some Berlin authorities are being revisited by the old nightmare of the early 1950's in which hordes of trained Communist agents emerge from subway stations in the small hours of the morning, quickly and quietly take over centers of administrative and police power, and present West Berliners and the Allies alike with a *coup de main accompli.*

Willy Brandt, mayor of West Berlin and quite possibly the most acute political intellect in German public life, believes that Khrushchev himself would prefer to wait until his eight-month moratorium is over and the new American President is in office and ready to negotiate. This theory prompts a question: If Khrushchev knows—as he must—that he cannot hope to gain anything from the West on Berlin by negotiation, why should he choose to wait for new negotiations? The answer is that if negotiations are immediately preceded by civil disturbances in West Berlin and/or in West Germany, the Allies might find themselves confronted by a desperate emergency, however artificially it may be contrived, which might force them to come to terms more readily.

This, after all, is the classic Communist tactic. By tradition the Communists have always preferred to negotiate only when a situation is so desperate that it demands emergency measures. The purpose of Communist political action is to create such a situation. In strict Marxist terms, Khrushchev's mistake was that he tried to conduct negotiations on the basis of a static situation—without such a preparation. Shaking his head, an East Berliner exclaimed the other day, "Why, Khrushchev was trying

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to act like the head of a conventional state!"

There is a firm general conviction now on both sides of the Brandenburg Gate that a blow against West Berlin is apt to fall soon, probably within the next six months. The Soviet Union has committed itself to a peace treaty with East Germany. Only by fulfilling this commitment in the near future can it prevent a fatal crisis of confidence—not only in the East German régime but in the Soviet Union itself. When the Soviet Union signs a peace treaty with East Germany it will not be called—nor has it ever been called—a "separate peace treaty." There will be an open end for West Germany.

THE CONCLUSION of a peace treaty with East Germany granting full sovereignty—including sovereignty over West Berlin—will certainly be the signal for the beginning of all-out political agitation. The Socialist Unity Party (S.E.D.), the Communist Party of East Germany, has cadres in West Berlin, where it has legal status. Furthermore, the S.E.D. could throw at least five thousand trained agitators from East Berlin into West Berlin at an hour's notice to stage "mass demonstrations" with placards demanding the *Anschluss* of West Berlin with East Germany. The famous first shot would never be heard—unless the Allied military forces in Berlin accepted the onus of firing it. East German "People's Police" would rush to the assistance of West Berlin police to "restore order" and achieve at least a standoff. When the blow falls against West Berlin, the Allies might well have their hands full in other quarters of the globe. On this basis Khrushchev could negotiate with the Allies over West Berlin on much more favorable terms than he has in the past.

This pattern of events—or some variation of it—does not constitute a farfetched theory. In Berlin today it is a prospect that seems distinct and imminent. "Berlin is still the key to Communist success," a hard-bitten old Berliner remarked recently. "But to open a door you don't necessarily have to have the key or even use a jimmy—a smart crook will pick the lock."

The Revolution Comes to Havana U.

GEORGE SHERMAN

THE REVOLUTION has come to Havana University, center of learning and home of tradition in Cuba. It is not flamboyant but quietly ruthless and well organized—a case study in that "revolution within a revolution" which has methodically turned Cuba upside down since Fidel Castro took power on January 1, 1959.

In Havana, life seems to go on as before. The luxurious tourist hotels are empty, like rifled tombs, but the meaner and more crowded stalls, cafés, and movies along narrow city streets do an active business. The casually explosive Cuban personality has not been put under wraps. "Esso Mambo" is still a favorite in the night clubs, and commercials of the confiscated oil companies play over the radio. The white beaches along the modern Via Blanca have long lines before their bathhouses; some of the beaches used to be private, others are newly developed by the Castro government. Many Cubans never on a beach before are flocking to them.

But as you stroll on the streets you are aware of the long canvas banners with their slogans against "Yanqui imperialismo" hanging limp in the humid heat. The closer you get to the university, the more prolific the propaganda becomes. Shop fronts proclaim "Cuba Sí, Yanquis No," and a huge banner just beneath the long steps of the university announces a series of lectures on duties and functions of the "revolutionary family."

Up those stairs and beyond, the artificial atmosphere of peace returns. Groups of fine old buildings, some of them dating back to the founding in 1728, face on shaded squares. Umbrellas of tropical foliage and flowering shrubbery add softness to the coral-pink stone walls glowing in the sun. The bell rings, students stream out of the buildings, sit under the trees for a moment, and then move off to their next class. The university is in full session again this summer to make up for the forced closing during the last months of the Batista régime.

The Fiery F.E.U.

Before Castro came to power, the governing body of the university, the council, contained only the thirteen deans of faculty, plus an elected rector. One of the first acts of the pro-Castro forces was to add twelve student representatives to the council from the Federation of University Students (F.E.U.). The fireworks began immediately afterward.

The F.E.U. has a history of almost continuous revolutionary activity since its inauguration in 1937. Like other opposition elements, it hid behind the autonomy of the university, whose grounds even the murderous police of the Batista dictatorship did not dare enter.

A former federation president, José Antonio Echeverría, is its chief martyr. He was one of the leaders of the student assault on the presidential palace and the attempted assassination of Batista on March 13, 1957. Bullets from a police crossfire caught him just outside the university. Had he succeeded in jumping the sanctuary wall, he would have escaped.

Today the F.E.U. has ceased to be a conspiracy against the government. It is a conspiracy for the government in the university. In the words of its president, Major Rolando Cubela, "The university cannot stand aside from the nation. The revolution must enter the university. Incompetent, immoral, and counter-revolutionary professors must go." Cubela fought in the mountains with Fidel, served as his military attaché in Spain and as his vice-minister of interior. He is still in constant touch with Castro, and actions back his words.

The F.E.U. office is an armed

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camp; the meeting room of the seventeen-man executive is a G.H.Q. for orders to the five hundred armed men of the "student militia" and the F.E.U. groups in each faculty. These executives breathe confidence. Cubela "ran" for student president in the university elections last October and won unanimously. The only other candidate, as pro-Castro as himself, withdrew in Cubela's favor. He wears the badge of revolution—a black beard, khaki uniform, and side-arm revolver hanging low from the hips. Neither Major Cubela nor his vice-president, Ricardo Alarcón, nor the powerful secretary general, Angel Quevedo, makes much pretense about being a student. Non-attendance of classes is their "sacrifice for the revolution." Cubela himself, now thirty years old, explains that he returned to the university because the new government had drained too much "revolutionary talent" from the student body.

LOCATING these men is a matter of trial and error. When you find them at F.E.U. headquarters, they move from room to room, from desk to desk, from telephone to telephone in perpetual motion. When you finally corner one behind a desk, you are not uninterrupted.

At one point in my talk with Ricardo Alarcón, I looked up to find a revolver staring me in the face. It lay smooth and deadly in the hand of a huge Negro who had just entered the office. "A new toy," said my host, and to the Negro, "Put it away."

"Rather a dangerous toy," I suggested. "We are well acquainted with conditions in the university," someone retorted.

But what have been the conditions at the univerity? Is there a genuine need for reforms? How does the F.E.U. intend making them?

"When we first joined the University Council, they expected us to sit on our hands," said Alarcón. "The council set up a reform commission, but that got nowhere. Those professors had their chairs for life, and they were not going to give them up easily." But illegality does not deter the F.E.U. leaders. Cubela chimed in: "This impasse cannot last. It will be solved our way, and soon."

"Soon" was the word. On June 27, twelve F.E.U. representatives walked out of the University Council. They were not satisfied with last year's ouster of the most incompetent professors and identifiable supporters of the Batista order. They demanded more fundamental reform. The June 27 "crisis" was provoked after the professorial majority on the council had refused to sanction the actions of fanatical engineering students who dismissed two "counter-revolutionary" professors, barred them from their classrooms, and advertised in the press for replacements.

On July 2, at a student rally (all participants were searched first for weapons), Cubela proclaimed, "There can be no university reform without a revolutionary council of professors," and produced a lengthy document roundly condemning the whole university system: The university was doing nothing for the "revolutionary transformation" of the country, and the professors had "lost contact with reality." Specifically, the F.E.U. demanded that the university be opened to all classes; that curricula, faculties, and examinations be revised; that foreign professors be allowed; that "counter-revolutionary" professors be dismissed. In a word, the university was to be purged from top to bottom.

Almost everyone with whom I talked in Havana agreed that there *is* a need for university reforms. There *is* a need for more libraries and cheaper books. There *is* a need to change methods and subjects introduced fifty years ago. There *is* a need to dismiss old and incompetent professors who were political appointees and would normally hold their chairs until death. There *is* a need to train more students in science and modern technology and fewer in the professions of law and medicine.

A priest told me that he knew students who had not seen their professors in two years: "They were sent mimeographed lectures written years ago." An assistant professor pointed out that "Tobacco and sugar are our two oldest industries, but we still have to import foreign technicians to run them." Dr. José Antonio Presno Albarrán, a member of the medical faculty, told me: "Our methods of teaching have not changed since 1921. We graduate three hundred to four hundred men every year in surgery, yet ninety per cent of them have never seen an operation! Only recently has closed-circuit television introduced operations to the university hospitals."

The F.E.U. executives are using this legitimate demand for reform to houseclean *their* way. They are quite capable of taking over the whole university—and in effect they already have. Under the new governing board, composed of four hand-picked professors and the four top leaders of the F.E.U., some six-hundred-odd teachers will have "resigned," although some may be reappointed upon examination of their personal and professional records. "There are some professors everyone agrees are good," explained Ricardo Alarcón. If they cannot find enough Cuban teachers to fill the vacancies they will hire them from abroad—from South America or Europe.

True or False?

How do the students feel about these reforms? It is hard to tell. It is not true that a rift existed between the student body and the professors generally. It *is* true that there is much opposition to the F.E.U. leadership. Estimates put support among the twenty-two thousand students as low as fifteen per cent. Cubela and his cohorts are said to wear their guns as much to protect themselves as to threaten others.

The F.E.U. leaders have allowed no other political organization on campus. After all, the Federation of University Students is supposed to represent all students; they "elect" the leadership through the faculties. The mass of students acquiesces. Those who do not are isolated. What organizations they had have been forcibly smashed.

The fate of the student Catholic Action group is a good example. A year ago it claimed a thousand active members in Havana University. In the student elections of last October, six of its members won F.E.U. posts in various faculties;

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they have now been forced out of the university.

The downfall of Catholic Action followed its demonstration against Soviet Vice-Premier Mikoyan last January. The police fired on the gathering, and the student militia subsequently launched an all-out campaign against "counter-revolutionaries." When Catholic Action tried to distribute anti-Communist literature two months ago, the pamphlets were burned and their distributors beaten and kicked into unconsciousness.

'We Are Confused'

One of the leading members of the group told me: "We are confused. We have lost all hope. Nothing can be done now without force, and we do not have that force."

At present Havana University students are largely middle- and upper-class. Although tuition is low —only sixty dollars a year—and forty per cent of the students pay no tuition at all, lower-class families have not been able to afford the cost of food, lodging, and books in the capital.

But now the government is introducing a new system of scholarships —the latest number is eight thousand—which will cover all costs at the university. The student will pay back the debt from his first five years of work. The declared aim is to attract more "workers and peasants." Three hostels have already been taken over for them, and a fourth is under construction.

No one says how the "workers and peasants" are to be selected. All we know is that Raúl, Castro's hotheaded brother, inaugurated the scholarship plan through his ministry of defense. Suspicion is rife in Havana that these "acceptable" workers and peasants are to break the back of any bourgeois student opposition.

THE "REVOLUTION" at Havana University fits into the pattern of totalitarianism spreading over the whole of Cuba. The government has not ended the autonomy of the university; a group of "student leaders" backed by the state has. The model for this action exists elsewhere in the world, but not in the Western Hemisphere.

The Usdekadence of Bung Karno

WILLARD A. HANNA

"USDEK," to Indonesia's President Sukarno, his clique, and his claque, is a bright new political beacon. It is lighting the nation away from the "deviations" and "excesses" of "liberal western democracy" and "free-for-all free-enterprise economy" into a "just and prosperous system" of "socialism à la Indonesia" and "guided democracy." To approximately ninety per cent of the nation's educated million and to more and more of its undereducated or uneducated ninety million, Usdek is just one more Bung (Brother) Karno nostrum, one that fails to distract attention from the nation's empty stomachs, empty pockets, and empty hopes. In fact, Usdek seems much more likely to be Indonesia's bane than its elixir.

The word is a recent Bung Karno coinage formed by combining the initial letters of the five policy slogans currently in the ascendant:

Undang-undang Dasar '45, Return to the 1945 Constitution.

Sosialisme à la Indonesia, Indonesian Socialism.

Demokrasi Terpimpin, Guided Democracy.

Ekonomi Terpimpin, Guided Economy.

Kepribadian Indonesia, Indonesian Identity.

The constitution of 1945, along with the spirit of '45 and the generation of '45, is the new Bung Karno fetish. He reverted to the "revolutionary" constitution of 1945 by unconstitutional decree on July 5, 1959, and has sought continuously to rekindle revolutionary zeal and to re-create the revolutionary cadres. The 1945 constitution concentrates national power in the hands of the executive; it is brief, imprecise, and flexible enough to allow for expediency.

All this, of course, might be a constitutional advantage in rebuilding a shattered and undisciplined nation. But Bung Karno, the chief and indeed for all practical purposes the only executive, devotes himself not to reconstruction but to agitation. Alongside the 1945 constitution he has now enshrined the August 17, 1959, "Political Manifesto," his own two-hour-long independence day speech which spells out the jargon of today's official propaganda. The Political Manifesto proclaims the rediscovery of the revolution, drastic retooling of every Indonesian individual and institution, and the

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retribution that will be dealt out to all who do not truly understand the new doctrine.

"Socialism à la Indonesia," declares Bung Karno, is implicit in the complex nature of Indonesian society. It manifests itself in such political-social phenomena as community decision by unvoiced consensus after exhaustive discussion, voluntary community participation in public projects, and vigilance against capitalism, imperialism, colonialism, and all foreign influence or interference.

"GUIDED DEMOCRACY," with Bung Karno as the guide, has already resulted in drastic retooling in government. First, Bung Karno created a cabinet responsible only to himself, with himself as prime minister. He has several times since reshuffled and reorganized the cabinet and reassigned the rather vaguely defined responsibilities of some forty ministers with or without portfolio. He has kept the ministers so engrossed in political conferences or so fatigued by domestic and foreign junkets that they have had little opportunity, even if they so chose, to direct the work of their subordinates. The vast and aimless government bureaucracy has become more bogged down than ever in useless paper work. The miserably paid bureaucrats and the public have become still more harassed by incomprehensible regulations. Effective administration, such as it is, has passed, by decree or by default, to the military.

Second, Bung Karno has appointed several huge consultative and advisory bodies, whose responsibilities, operating procedures, and interrelationships have never been specified. The latest of these bodies is the new 283-member "*Gotong-rojong*" ("Mutual Aid") parliament, installed on June 25 to replace the elected parliament of 1955. Its chief function is to rubber-stamp presidential proposals without debate, without formal vote, and without presuming to raise controversial matters. Third, Bung Karno has replaced provincial governors and other high-level regional administrators with his personal appointees. These men are seldom competent. They are sometimes not even amenable, once they put a few hundred miles between themselves and Djakarta and fall in with the regional military.

"Guided democracy" should not be mistaken for totalitarianism, its critics say, but only because it is far less efficient. No one is called upon to produce results, only to shout huzzas for Usdek. Guided democracy now includes guided education, a proposed synthesis of Plato's *Republic* and Hitler's scheme for fascist youth; guided culture, a vigilante drive against "crazy western music and dancing," of which Sukarno's eldest son—complete with Elvis Presley guitar, haircut, and haberdashery—is a prime devotee; and a guided press, with Foreign Minister Subandrio now devising a new code for Indonesia's already overregulated and often suppressed newspapers.

Vengeance and Disaster

"Guided economy" got off to a sensational start on August 25, 1959, with what amounted to a ninety per cent currency devaluation. All of the guided economy measures are—and were—conditioned by political vengeance rather than by economic planning. Dutch property was nationalized. Large segments of overseas Chinese enterprise were nationalized, in effect confiscated. Efforts have been reintensified to "control" all foreign enterprise, including the western oil companies; to eliminate the "national capitalists," including those private Indonesian citizens who for a few years enjoyed unsecured government loans and easily negotiable import-export licenses; and finally, to "socialize" free private enterprise and property of any magnitude, including that which is Indonesian-owned.

The disastrous consequences of this guided economy are unmistakable. Indonesia is now reduced to economic anarchy by reason of incompetent management of nationalized concerns, incessant bureaucratic interference in all business life, unrestrained corruption, undisciplined and underpaid labor, indifferent and untrained supervisors, and the dismantlement of the Chinese-controlled collection and distribution systems. Added to this is the cumulative effect of twenty years of national disruption. There has been steady and shocking deterioration in the production of exportable raw materials and in the standard of living.

Government spending, meanwhile, has spiraled wildly upward. The military services alone spend some fifty million rupiah a day, or a good forty per cent of the national budget—four times as much as before the regional rebellions broke out in 1957. The cost of living has shot up by 100 to 200 per cent in the last year, while wages and salaries have remained frozen.

The exchange rate on the American dollar tells part of the story. The United States dollar is officially valued today at 45 rupiah. On the domestic and international free market, it fetches anything between 200 and 500 rupiah, depending upon how panicky Chinese and Indonesian millionaires are at the moment about transferring their capital abroad.

The government has attempted to popularize guided economy with the slogan *"Sandang-Pangan,"* signifying clothing and food for the common people in adequate quantities at moderate prices through government shops. *Sandang-Pangan,* the wits say, means that one must sell one's *sandang* to buy one's *pangan,* and vice versa.

Private shops, if they have not already closed, are subject to sudden raids by the economic police, who arrest a few luckless proprietors and confiscate their meager stocks each time high prices advance still higher. A white Arrow shirt—a status symbol of the upper classes—now costs about 2,000 rupiah, a month's salary for a high-level bureaucrat. A local orange fetches five rupiah, or a day's wages for the ordinary laborer. A chicken costs 100 rupiah, about one day's

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take-home pay for a cabinet minister. A Chevrolet of recent vintage or a Mercedes-Benz sedan fetches at least a million rupiah, but there are junior army officers who can buy several cars in a day and pay cash.

"INDONESIAN IDENTITY," the last ingredient in Usdek, is Sukarno's newest euphemism for Indonesian nationalism, his lifelong obsession. It is now to be achieved, it appears, by merging one's individual identity in mass movements such as the latest "National Front" for the "liberation" of Dutch New Guinea. It also means coming to a halt in Djakarta's heavy downtown traffic each time the sirens blow, either to get out and sweep the capital city's filthy streets or to sit and watch the president's motorcade pass by.

The Democratic League

Of all the anti-Usdek groups, the most articulate and the most hopeful are the adherents of the Liga Demokrasi (Democratic League). The league was organized only in mid-March of this year, but it has called repeatedly and publicly upon Sukarno to return to genuine democracy. Sukarno, who was preoccupied through April and May with a round-the-world junket, was in no hurry to reply. Then, on May 28, in an interval between visits to geisha houses in Tokyo, he branded the league as a band of political novices, fascists, and rebel sympathizers, who seek to betray democracy by a resort to force with reliance upon foreign arms. The novices, fascists, and traitors include a large percentage of the few Indonesian political leaders who still retain in many Indonesian and western eyes a high degree of personal integrity. Among them are prominent figures in the Masjumi (Muslim), Socialist, I.P.K.I. (military), and various Christian parties, all of which are likely to be banned soon.

The Democratic League, according to informed reports in Djakarta, was organized with the tacit approval of Army Chief of Staff General Abdul Haris Nasution and with the active participation of Army Chief of Intelligence Colonel Sukendro. Some of its adherents planned to stage a huge protest demonstration on National Awakening Day (May 20) in order to force the resignation of the cabinet. They proposed then to present Sukarno with an ultimatum to break with the Communists, to hand over power to a league-approved military junta, and to retire from active politics. But General Nasution vacillated, other presumed army supporters defected, and anti-league demonstrators rioted in Surabaya on May 15. Bung Karno, by remote control, adroitly set Djakarta political factions once again to blocking each other, and the league demonstration fizzled out. The ultimatum was never delivered. That crisis—like a hundred other Djakarta crises before and since—evaporated overnight.

The league has been defeated ignominiously in most of its early few rounds. It has even accepted without protest a press statement by First Minister Djuanda that it has no basic objections to Usdek. It has managed, nevertheless, to attract many thousands of new supporters throughout the nation—thoughtful, frightened people who feel constrained to register some form of protest against Usdek, however feeble, equivocal, or compromising.

Carnival and Confusion

The marathon Indonesian crisis has thus resolved itself, for the moment at least, into a conflict over Usdek. To the support of Usdek, Sukarno can rally the P.K.I. (Indonesian Communist Party) and all its massive labor, youth, and auxiliary organizations. He can rally also the ultra-nationalists of the P.N.I. (Nationalist Party), the ultra-obscurantists of the N.U. (Muslim Scholars), the more opportunistic of the military, and the more corrupt of the get-rich-quick operators who have for years been looting the nation. In opposition to Usdek, the league can muster support from the more courageous elements of the Masjumi, Socialist, and Christian parties and their affiliated organizations; it can count on some degree of support from the reformist element within the military and the civilian bureaucracy, and even from certain crypto-Communist groups like Murba Party members who have broken with the P.K.I. Today, as for the last five years, the Indonesian situation is changing fast, and rarely for the better. The present status of Bung Karno, Usdek, and the league gives the best clue to the current nature of Indonesia's chronic national illness and to prospects for its recovery.

In public, Bung Karno retains a good deal of his famous magnetic charm. He remains, as for the last thirty years, a consummate master of political maneuver. At the age of fifty-nine, with the help of an astounding daily regimen of pills and injections, he stills manages to display much of the robust energy of youth. Nevertheless, according to some of his closest associates, Bung Karno exhibits symptoms of physical, intellectual, and political decline.

The present image of Sukarno, then, is a split image, even as viewed by his admirers. He is the royally feted state guest who goes whirling about five continents by chartered Pan American plane, attempting to build international friendship and to ease world tensions—but many of the reluctant host nations now have to be pressured into issuing the invitations. He is the great national orator barnstorming the home archipelago in his Ilyushin gift plane, escorted by a huge entourage of high officials, applauded by the masses, accompanied by friendly chiefs of state—but the entourages must be rewarded, many of the crowds who line the roadways must be conscripted, and the state guests, including the Russians, are bored. He is the divinely chosen and preserved instrument of Indonesian destiny—but he dare not stir outside his palaces without heavily armed escort. He is the inspiration of the never-ending Indonesian revolution—but his policies have proved to be a folly and his administration chaos.

Sukarno seeks simultaneously to maintain himself as the sole power in Indonesia and to escape from its onerous responsibilities. He boasts of his ability to extract unlimited millions from the United States, the Soviet Union, and Japan. This money, he says, will solve all of Indonesia's problems, yet he prefers to use it as well as all the rupiah the printers can turn out, not for any real national development but for such prestige projects as playing host to the 1962 Asian Games, pro-

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curing equipment for the armed forces, and providing last-minute emergency food and textiles for the people. He boasts also of his amorous exploits on both sides of the Iron Curtain. His sex life has provoked public and press outrage in recent months in such unpuritanical centers as Tokyo, Vienna, and Mexico City, not to mention private gossip in Djakarta, Bogor, Bandung, and Bali, and calculating appraisal in Moscow and Peking. He seems indifferent or oblivious to the easily observable fact that Indonesia is impoverished and rebellious and that most of the world—save for Castro, with whom he hit it off brilliantly—now merely tolerates him.

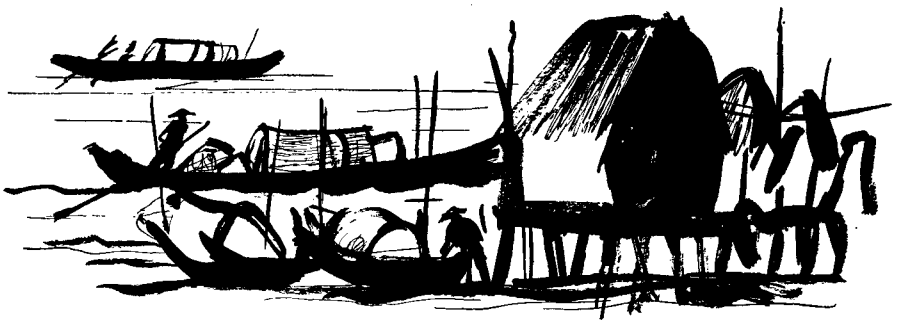
"We are fighting our fourth revolution," one distinguished Indonesian put it. "First against the Dutch, then against the Japanese, then against the Dutch again, and now against Bung Karno, who is the worst of all."

TO OFFSET Bung Karno's Usdek, neither the Democratic League nor any other group in Indonesia offers any popular philosophy or leadership. In theory the league itself stands for liberal western-style democracy; in practice it is prepared to compromise with military dictatorship. Its strategy is to rally enough public sympathy and support—mainly among the intellectuals—to impress upon the military command the necessity for rejecting Bung Karno and Usdek, for cracking down on the Communists, and for establishing a government that will be efficiently authoritarian without being completely totalitarian.

The league has no illusions about the delicacy and vulnerability of its own position, the resourcefulness and vindictiveness of Bung Karno, the precariousness of the balance between the military and the Communists, the immediacy of the threat of complete national collapse, or the hazards inherent in encouraging military dictatorship while attempting to impose civilian limitations upon it. In short, the league is merely a catalytic agent, whose introduction into the potent Indonesian political brew could induce an explosion quite disproportionate to its own strength and not necessarily conducive to its own objectives.

Unequivocal definition or acceptance of alternative prospects in Indonesia, suggested by western analysts, is repugnant to the Indonesian mentality—and may indeed be quite inappropriate to Indonesian circumstances. Certainly the prospects today are few and grim:

¶ Bung Karno may remain in power for a few more months or even years, at increasingly frightful cost to the nation.



¶ The Communists may take over, with or without Bung Karno's connivance, with or without foreign intervention, with or without bloodshed.

¶ The military may establish a dictatorship without Bung Karno, with or without civil war.

¶ The league may mastermind a new and more benevolent government, based primarily on military authority.

¶ The nation may fragment itself, as it has already in effect been doing for the past ten years, with various areas falling to the Communists, the military, the regional civilian authorities, the rebel bands, or unstable coalitions of these and other elements.

In weighing the prospects, it is important to allow for special factors. Bung Karno's personal and political life expectancy—given his age, his physical and political condition, and his innumerable enemies—does not constitute what an actuary would deem even a reasonably good short-term risk. The Communists, like virtually everyone else in Indonesia, adopt tactics that seem to the westerner oblique and evasive: they are gambling right now—perhaps ill-advisedly—that Bung Karno will deliver the nation to them without any necessity for a Communist uprising. The military services are divided, corrupt, and arrogant, partly Communist-oriented but more suspicious of the Communist threat to military privilege. They have piled up just about as formidable a record of maladministration as has Bung Karno, and a mound of misfired coups. The league, or anyone else who attempts to put the nation on the rails, will be confronted with herculean and perhaps insuperable problems of swift reorganization and reconstruction. The forces of anarchy, already so widespread that in almost any other country collapse would have come years ago, may continue indefinitely to counterbalance each other. The rural eighty-one millions, the argument runs, are almost self-sufficient, the urban ten millions are incredibly patient, and relatively few except those who have already gotten rich quick urgently demand much more than a subsistence standard of living.

THE THEORY of counterbalance and inertia has long been comforting to many Indonesians and westerners alike—but to notably fewer with each passing year and month. The recent and greatly accelerated build-up of tensions and animosities makes a conclusion seem unavoidable: a major crack-up in Indonesia is becoming daily more imminent and cannot be indefinitely postponed. The pessimistic realists, surveying the shambles of the Indonesian economy and politics today, say the crack-up may still come sometime this year. The mystics say 1961, because Djojobojo, the thirteenth-century Javanese Nostradamus, prophesied that in years whose component numerals could be reversed and inverted to read the same, great upheavals would occur. In such a year—and here, like other oracles, Djojobojo becomes obscure—unspeakable tyrannies will either begin or end.

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The New Diplomacy Of Charles de Gaulle

ANDRE FONTAINE

PARIS

OF THE THREE STATESMEN representing the West at the abortive summit conference in Paris last May, de Gaulle is undoubtedly the one whose prestige suffered the least from its failure. Unlike Macmillan, he cannot be accused of having placed unjustified hopes in its outcome; unlike Eisenhower, he cannot be charged with hesitation and blundering just before the meeting.

The French Communists, of course, say that de Gaulle is responsible for the breakup of the conference because he encouraged Eisenhower in his firmness; and other leftists complain that if in November de Gaulle had not asked for postponement, the meeting would have been held in a more favorable climate. But Khrushchev himself is obviously still anxious to stay on good terms with the president of the French Republic: in reporting the statement of the Central Committee of the French Communist Party on the failure of the summit, the Soviet newspapers omitted the passages directed against de Gaulle.

The general's position was also strengthened in the West. His triumphal visits to England and the United States preceding the summit cut down considerably the prejudice accumulated against him. His composure and dignity during the stormy discussions in Paris impressed the West as well as the East.

From the very first moment, when he read the declaration by the Soviet premier on the eve of the summit, de Gaulle understood that there was no hope: patching up was possible only at the price of accepting most of the Soviet demands. This would place the West in a humiliating position and convince the Russians that it was ready to beg for peace. De Gaulle said this to Eisenhower, who received a similar report from Charles Bohlen. Eisenhower immediately agreed. Only Macmillan continued to believe that a compromise was possible.

This was the first time that the leaders of the two principal western powers openly recognized the need to give a special place to France and its leader. Thus, although de Gaulle was not host to a successful conference, at least he made an important step toward the realization of what he considers his first aim: restoring France to its proper status.

Toujours La Grandeur

"Status" is a chapter title in the most recent volume of de Gaulle's *Memoirs*, which was published only a few months ago. The idea of status has always obsessed him. It stems from a hierarchical concept of the international order: There are great nations with interests and responsibilities on a world scale, and there are small nations that are forced to entrust their security in greater or lesser degree to others. It is unworthy of France to renounce its place in the first category.

The great accusation de Gaulle leveled against the Fourth Republic for more than ten years was that it agreed to place the country in NATO under American protection—ranking France with Luxembourg and Portugal—and that it favored a fusion of sovereignties within a supranational Europe.

Because of his criticism of NATO, the European army, and the Common Market, some people had come to the premature conclusion that if de Gaulle returned to power he would completely reorient French diplomacy. When his election became certain, some days after the Algerian coup on May 13, 1958, there was great rejoicing in the British embassy, where the end of the Europe of the Six was anticipated—and in the Russian embassy, where the day of a great western crisis seemed near at hand. For the same reasons, the orthodox members of the alliance—the Germans, the Italians, the Dutch, and naturally the Americans—were worried.

But it was the tactics of the Fourth Republic that de Gaulle opposed rather than its policies. With Premier Michel Debré, he believes that the same policy has quite different results when a strong rather than a weak nation carries it out. To understand his meaning, one has only to look at the states of black Africa to which the Fifth Republic has given complete independence. If they remain attached to France despite everything, it is because they trust its strength and generosity.

De Gaulle, at the head of the state, was able to assure the western leaders who rushed to Paris—Dulles, Macmillan, Fanfani, Adenauer—that France would not only continue to defend the ideas of the West but would also continue European cooperation. Certain changes, however, would have to take place. De Gaulle outlined them:

¶ The western alliance's plans to meet the global strategy of the East must be made through a Franco-Anglo-American organization that

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would dictate the major decisions on strategy and policy.

¶ Each of the Big Three must be able to count on the complete support of the others whenever its own interests are primarily involved; for example, in the case of France, in Africa.

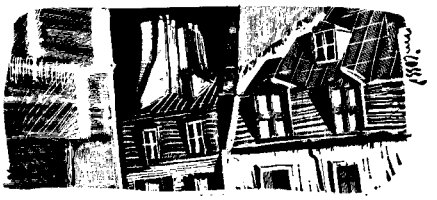
¶ The Continent must no longer head toward the supranationality that Monnet, Schuman, Adenauer, and de Gasperi had advocated, but toward an organization of nations, destined to become, under the aegis of France, "one of the three world powers" and, should it ever become necessary, "the arbiter between the Soviet and the Anglo-Saxon camps."

THIS LAST PHRASE aroused a great deal of interest in Germany: was it proof of latent neutralism—and on the eve of Khrushchev's visit to Paris? The Germans misinterpreted it. The truth is that de Gaulle dreams of seeing Europe united from the Atlantic to the Urals, and he cannot reconcile himself to the idea of a continent divided into two parts, each under the influence of a foreign power. He does not think that the present situation is destined to last forever; he believes that as international relations become less tense the United States will slowly withdraw from Europe, especially if it has sufficient military protection through intercontinental missiles. This has been a de Gaulle prediction, not a declared wish, and on December 1, 1959, Premier Debré stated it openly to Adenauer, who was quite shocked.

A historian by taste and by training, convinced that evolution is the fundamental law of the universe and that its mainspring is national interests rather than ideology, de Gaulle also believes in the inevitable transformation of the Soviet Union. Communism, he says, is the means by which Moscow expands its empire and maintains its satellites; it is not the *sine qua non* of Russia as a nation. Just as France, whether it is monarchist or Gaullist, is always France, so Russia, whether it is Czarist or Communist, is always Russia. According to de Gaulle, Russia is a white "European nation that has conquered part of Asia, is well endowed with land, mines, factories and wealth," and, in consequence, must oppose the ambitions of that "yellow multitude which is China—numberless and wretchedly poor, indestructible and ambitious, building up limitless power, at immense cost, and looking around at the expanses over which the nation must one day spread."

When will this inevitable transformation take place? Obviously the general does not know. But just as he maintained imperturbably that Hitler had lost the war in the summer of 1940 when the Germans failed to invade England, and just as he prophesied the fall of the Fourth Republic from the moment it was established, he is now convinced that the transformation is inevitable. The failure of the summit has not changed his mind.

THE FOREIGN POLICY of the Fifth Republic is actually quite close to that of the Fourth Republic from which it inherited its essential lines —the Atlantic Alliance, colonial emancipation, and even the French atomic bomb, whose construction was decided upon as early as May, 1955, by the government of Edgar Faure. It is no less true, however, that the aspirations of the present



policy are higher, its demands greater, and its style much more personal.

In methods and conduct of diplomacy, the break between the new régime and the one that preceded it is complete. At all times de Gaulle has considered foreign policy one of the most important sectors of public life, if not the most important. He has always proclaimed the necessity of shielding it from political influence in order to assure its continuity, and to have it serve purely national interests and not party rivalries.

After the Liberation, in an unsuccessful attempt to harmonize his personal ideas and parliamentary tradition, de Gaulle was forced to make compromises. He had called to his side as minister of foreign affairs Georges Bidault, who was the president of both the National Council of the Resistance and of the newly formed Catholic-based Mouvement Républicain Populaire. Although they were in general agreement on basic aims, the two men did not make a good team. Each one thought that it was his job to define France's foreign policy, and this gave rise to various clashes, the most famous when the London *Times* published an interview with the general dealing exclusively with international questions. Bidault first learned about it from the newspaper.

When the Communists participated in the government, at a later period, de Gaulle let them know that he intended to keep them away from the three key branches of government—foreign affairs, interior, and defense. This exclusion was later extended to all politicians, no matter what their party might be. Today these posts are occupied by civil servants.

Orders from Above

In the ministry of foreign affairs the general obviously believes he has made a good choice in Maurice Couve de Murville, for the position has not changed hands since the formation of his first government in 1958. The appointment came as a surprise. Two top-ranking Gaullists were available: Louis Joxe, then secretary general of the foreign ministry, and Gaston Palewski, ambassador to Rome, both of whom thought that they were entitled to the job.

Couve de Murville (Couve both to his closest friends and to his enemies) had, in contrast, served under Vichy for two years before crossing the Mediterranean at the beginning of 1943 to become commissioner of finance for General Giraud. When Giraud and de Gaulle reached an agreement under the pressures of Roosevelt and Churchill after the Casablanca meeting, Couve left the "government." That day marked the beginning of his diplomatic career, for in compensation he was appointed French delegate to the Consultative Council of Italy. Postwar ambassador to Rome, he was called back to become director general of political affairs at the foreign ministry; later he was appointed ambassador to Egypt. He then served as France's permanent representative

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at NATO and after that as ambassador at Washington. In July, 1956, he was named to Bonn.

Couve was playing golf near the West German capital on May 27, 1958, when a phone call summoned him back to Paris and to the post of minister of foreign affairs. He was as surprised as everyone else. The reasons for the choice? The good impression he had created in Washington and Bonn, his reservations as to the European army, his well-known disapproval of the Suez expedition, his liberal attitude toward the problems of North Africa, his excellent reputation as a top civil servant, plus his intellectual skepticism and his absolute self-control. Incidentally, the fact that Couve de Murville was something of an Anglophile and not a Gaullist saved the general from being accused of surrounding himself with friends.

AT THE HEAD of the Quai d'Orsay, Couve carries out his functions impeccably. This means that he never argues about orders from above: General de Gaulle does not tolerate contradictions. Since de Gaulle's return to power, there has been only one debate on foreign policy at the council of ministers. Pinay, then minister of finance, took the initiative in asking the chief of state to clarify a speech he had delivered against the doctrine of military integration. De Gaulle's answer was brief and clear: a few days later M. Pinay was ousted. Since then only the president formulates policy; no one dreams of interfering.

But to formulate policy is one thing and to carry it out another. This is Couve's role. Actually he is not the only one in charge of carrying out foreign policy. Until a few months ago, one could even say that besides the chief of state there were five ministers of foreign affairs in France: the actual minister, Couve; Premier Debré; the secretary general to the presidency of the Republic, Geoffroy de Courcel, who is also a diplomat; the diplomatic adviser to the general, Jean-Marc Boegner; and finally Louis Joxe. Joxe had left the Quai d'Orsay where he could not tolerate the authority of Couve, whom he considered something of an usurper, and had become secretary of state to the premier—a job calling for co-ordination of the diplomatic and strategic areas of the government.

Since then things have been simplified. Joxe has become minister of national education and Boegner ambassador to Tunisia. Boegner's successor, Pierre Maillard, who is lower in rank, is now directly attached to de Courcel. As for Debré and Couve de Murville, they have more or less divided their work. Debré, endowed by nature with a passionate and vindictive temperament, has specialized in polemics with the allies of France—especially the United States, whose unhappy ambassador receives more than his share of severe reprimands, usually about North Africa. Couve, on the other hand, concentrates on relations with the East and with Europe, but he also has to use his legendary ability to calm the storms provoked by the often unfortunate steps of the premier.

Are these contradictions deliberately planned by the general? That would be going too far. But it is true that they do not disturb him. He actually seems to use his ebullient premier as a foil to create uneasiness in his audience and thus make his own demands seem reasonable by comparison. As for Couve, he is extremely able at removing the snags in official measures. In other words, he plays the part that de Gaulle gave to Marshal Juin during the war.

But Who Can Succeed Him?

From all this it is clear that the Quai d'Orsay plays an ever-diminishing role in the shaping of foreign policy. Its advice is never sought any more. Some officers of the government are quite upset about this: they feel that the chief of state's gifts of intuition do not always suffice to keep him from making errors. Independent minds, never very numerous, have disappeared altogether, or else they are confined to the role of "experts." Even the *directeurs,* the French counterparts of Assistant Secretaries of State, are left in darkness—and foreign diplomats no longer know where to turn for the information they are supposed to get. Together with their French colleagues, they mourn the "old times" when the services drafted the policies that were theoretically supposed to come from the inexperienced Pinay.

The power of the National Assembly, which insisted on playing its part in shaping foreign policy under the Fourth Republic, is now nonexistent. The press rarely raises these questions on the assumption that the public is not really interested in foreign policy and that people are always preoccupied with more urgent problems—such as Algeria or strikes. The debate concerning the reform of the western alliance went on almost unnoticed by most Frenchmen, although it dominated Franco-American relations for two years.

There is no doubt that the Fourth Republic practiced diplomacy too openly, and used it too often as a pawn in internal politics. But there is also no doubt that although the French government's domestic authority was extremely weak at the time of the Fourth Republic's fall, the work it had done on the European scene was so good and solid that the new régime, while disowning its authors, adopted the policy almost entirely.

There have, of course, been important changes in the execution of that policy. As sole initiator of policy, de Gaulle tends more and more to depend for its execution on the personal relationships he has been able to establish with Adenauer, Macmillan, Eisenhower, and even Khrushchev, whom he thus hopes to attract toward the West. The method has yielded some excellent results, but unless the base upon which they rest is broadened, how can they endure once the general has disappeared from the scene, as must necessarily happen some day?

DE GAULLE is aware of this need. His painstaking efforts to equip France with atomic power prove that he wants the newly won prestige of his country to rest on effective strength. There are many, however, even among his greatest admirers, who doubt that an explosion in the Sahara illuminates the true destiny of France. The special place that France occupies in the world is not so much due to its efforts to develop new military weapons as to its faithfulness to certain principles that others tend to forget.

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Khrushchev, Mao, And the Wolf of Chungshan

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

"A wolf is a wolf, and its man-eating nature does not change. An ancient Chinese fable about the Chungshan wolf tells the story of Schoolmaster Tungkuo, who once found a wolf wounded by hunters and saved it by hiding it in his bag. After the hunters had left, he released the wolf from the bag. Instead of showing gratitude, the wolf wanted to devour him. Fortunately a peasant came along who understood well the man-eating nature of the wolf. He lured it back into the bag and beat it to death, and thus Schoolmaster Tungkuo was saved."—From Hongqi (Red Flag) *of Peking.*

THE CONTROVERSY between Moscow and Peking can no longer be concealed or explained away: it has stood in the center of several recent international Communist gatherings. During the latest congress of the Romanian Communist Party, Khrushchev addressed in private a select gathering of Communist leaders from various countries and thrashed out his differences with Mao. What he said in public carried only faint echoes of that "secret speech." How much importance he attached to it can be seen from the fact that he urgently summoned to the gathering Wladyslaw Gomulka, who was then presiding in Warsaw over a session of the Polish Central Committee and was very reluctant to go to Bucharest. But so insistent was the Khrushchev summons that Gomulka had to close the Warsaw conference abruptly and leave for Romania. A fortnight earlier the general council of the Communist-led World Federation of Trade Unions met in Peking, and the conference was entirely taken up by a prolonged and passionate clash between Khrushchev's and Mao's adherents. The debates were more dramatic than those in Bucharest, because the Chinese introduced motions in open opposition to the Khrushchevite general council and pressed for a formal vote. They were heavily outvoted but not altogether isolated.

This is the first time in thirty-three years that such debates have been allowed to proceed at any international Communist forum. The last time this occurred was when Stalin and Trotsky presented their viewpoints before the executive committee of the Communist International and Trotsky was expelled. Thereafter heretics were excommunicated without being given the opportunity to state their case before the Comintern or the Cominform. Bukharin was disposed of in this way in 1928, and Tito twenty years later. Evidently Khrushchev cannot follow Stalin's example in this respect. He has had to meet heretical challenge with far greater toleration and to produce arguments rather than anathemas.

Caught in a Crossfire

The Communist movement is in fact divided between three distinct currents of opinion and ideology: the Left (or the "ultra-Left"), which is represented by Mao; the Right, for which Tito—though not he alone—speaks; and the Center, led by Khrushchev.

The issues and arguments are clear enough. The Left sticks to what it regards as the orthodox Leninist view of the conflict between imperialism and Communism. It does not believe in the possibility of any genuine *détente* and considers all talk about ending the cold war a "dangerous illusion." It suspects Khrushchev of taking his disarmament proposals quite seriously and thereby endangering the security of the Communist bloc. It sees the chances of new Communist revolutions, especially in the underdeveloped countries, as being far greater than Khrushchev cares to admit; and it thinks that Khrushchev compromises these chances in the interest of his diplomacy. Finally, there are the differences over domestic policies, the Chinese communes, the treatment of consumer interests, and political "liberalization." On the other hand, the right-wing Communists or "revisionists" discarded the Leninist view on imperialism as obsolete long before Khrushchev did so; and they reproach Khrushchev with not being consistent and persistent enough in striving for *détente* and disarmament.

Caught between two fires, Khrushchev has behaved as the middle-of-the-roader usually does: he has leaned left and right and left again, hoping to meet and silence now one set of his critics and now another. Consequently, Mao is accusing him of being a "crypto-Titoist" and of refusing, to quote the Chinese *Red Flag,* "to draw a clear-cut line of division between [himself] and modern revisionism which is in the service of imperialism." At best, Mao looks upon Khrushchev as upon a well-intentioned but hopelessly muddled man, hardly worthy of occupying his high place in the Communist world, as a sort of Schoolmaster Tungkuo, who does not know how to deal with the wolf of imperialism and who can be saved only by the prudent firmness of Mao himself, the peasant of the parable.

The revisionists take a rather unflattering view of Khrushchev for the opposite reason: they say that all too often he allows himself to be browbeaten under the pressure of the doctrinaires and dogmatists of Peking and Moscow.

THIS CONTROVERSY has been going on behind the scenes and in muted form ever since 1957. In November of that year leaders of foreign Communist Parties came to Moscow to celebrate the fortieth

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anniversary of the Revolution, and it was then that they got the first inkling of the discord between the Russians and the Chinese. But a clash of views was not allowed to develop, and a compromise resolution, with "revisionist" and "dogmatist" formulas nicely balanced, was quickly patched up. However, throughout the first half of 1958, Moscow and Peking were at loggerheads. Khrushchev had made his proposals for a summit meeting, and he found that Peking obstructed his climb to the summit. So strong was the obstruction that in July, at the time of the American and British intervention in Lebanon and Jordan, Khrushchev had to go to Peking to see whether the differences could be composed. He emerged from his conferences with Mao to announce that there would be no summit. Once again the disagreement was covered over, but it came back into the open early this year, when Khrushchev was once again making preparations for a summit meeting.

There is little doubt that Chinese objections to Khruschev's summitry had something to do with the breakdown of the Paris conference in May. Nowhere was Khrushchev's Paris performance applauded more wholeheartedly than in Peking. Why then have the Russo-Chinese differences become further aggravated since then? One reason is that now, as in 1958, Khrushchev has not given up the idea that another summit meeting may yet be held. Nor has he altogether abandoned hope for a degree of disarmament that would allow the Soviet government to switch more investment to consumer industries. Even since Paris the Soviet government has indeed increased budgetary allocations to consumer industries; and Peking has, *inter alia*, criticized precisely this decision.

But what is involved in all this is not merely Soviet diplomacy but the trend of Communist policy at large, which, the Chinese hold, is too much inhibited by Khrushchev's international games, too timid and too wobbly. On several occasions recently, Mao's angry contempt for Khrushchev's policy certainly exploded—for instance when he heard that the Italian Communists welcomed President Eisenhower during

his visit in Rome with the chant "We too like Ike!" and when it was reported to him that Khrushchev, during his pre-summit visit to Paris, told Frenchmen that if they want peace they must support General de Gaulle. This to Mao was nothing less than a straight "betrayal of Communism."

EVER SINCE the Paris breakdown, Khrushchev has been busy rallying foreign Communist opinion against Mao; and at Bucharest he was out to demonstrate that he has the backing of the entire Communist movement. On the face of it he has succeeded, but the success may be more apparent than real. The divisions in Communism remain as deep as ever, and some of those who have, for one reason or another, rallied to the Khrushchev line are by no means Khrushchevite middle-of-the-roaders. Right-wing Communism is represented not only by Tito. Inside the Soviet bloc there are also Gomulka and his adherents. They were rather worried by Khrushchev's behavior in Paris; they long for the *détente* and for trade with the West; and, alone among the rulers of Eastern Europe, they have not so far renewed the drive for the collectivization of farming. Outside the Soviet bloc, Palmiro Togliatti is a right-wing Communist; and during his recent visit to Moscow the Russians must have told him that he was only embarrassing them by showing an excess of zeal for peaceful coexistence.

On the other hand, "ultra-left" and pro-Chinese tendencies have made themselves felt among the Communists of East Germany, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, and Albania. In Bucharest the East Germans gave Khrushchev more than the normal dose of adulation, but what they had to say about the international situation came closer to the Chinese line than to the Russian. The Czechs continued to hedge and only the Bulgarians joyfully joined the Khrushchevites. Yet all those assembled in Bucharest were taken aback by the bluntness with which Khrushchev declared Lenin's teaching on imperialism to be out of date. No one echoed him in this. Meanwhile, Mao is intensifying his bid for the leadership of Asian Communism. Curiously, so far he has been cold-shouldered by his closest neighbors, the North Koreans; but he has succeeded in winning over the Indonesians and in neutralizing the North Vietnamese. And last but not least, there is no lack of either Maoists or "revisionists" in Moscow, in Khrushchev's own stronghold. The alignments are not fixed, and they are likely to shift as the controversy continues.

It's Habit-Forming

The controversy will continue because neither side is in a position to call a halt to it. Khrushchev cannot afford to excommunicate Mao, nor can Mao pronounce anathema on Khrushchev. Both must, in their own interests, insist on the unity of the Soviet bloc. Paradoxically, Mao insists on it even more emphatically than Khrushchev does, and this is no mere tactical maneuver. Ever since the shock of the Hungarian rising, Mao has prompted all Communist Parties to reacknowledge the Soviet leadership of the Communist bloc. He would like to see Moscow exercise that leadership in a manner that would be more tough and uncom-

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promising than Khrushchev's. He seeks to "put teeth" into Soviet policy, but he does not seek a breach with Moscow.

One obvious consequence of this state of affairs is that Moscow's foreign policy, exposed to such conflicting pressures, is becoming more unstable and unpredictable than it has been in the last few years. Another consequence, less obvious, affects the Communist movement as such. The growth of controversy, which cannot be concluded with the excommunications that were customary in the Stalin era, shakes the whole "monolithic" structure. Dissent and deviation, reprehensible though they still are in Communist eyes, cease to be counter-revolution and treason. This in itself is bound to cause an upheaval in Communist political habits. If dissent and deviation are no longer cardinal sins, if the leaders of the various parties may engage in controversy, should not dissent and argument also be tolerated within each party? Many Communists in Russia, China, and elsewhere will soon ponder this question. What has happened in Bucharest and Peking tends to legitimize controversy in Communist ranks. But once Communists are allowed to disagree and to argue among themselves, the present method of Communist leadership will be shaken. No one can be an infallible and lifelong leader once a minority is allowed to criticize him and perhaps even to persuade the majority.

Thus implied in the present debate is a threat to the position of the whole generation of leaders, which includes both Mao and Khrushchev, who have grown up in the Stalinist school of thought and are accustomed to rule their parties and countries without any challenge either from rivals or from the ranks. Admittedly, this threat is still fairly remote. But it is distinct and large enough to trouble the party machines even now, and to affect the fortunes if not of Mao and Khrushchev, then of their successors. In the years to come, the Communist movement is liable to experience upheavals far greater than those caused by the de-Stalinization of the 1950's.

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Shots in Sicily, Echoes in Rome

CLAIRE STERLING

On the evening of March 30, Police Commissioner Cataldo Tandoy of Agrigento went out for a farewell walk along the main boulevard of the Sicilian coastal town where he had lived for twelve years. Transferred to Rome some months before, he had returned briefly to Sicily to close down his house there and bring his lovely young wife, Leila, back to the Italian capital with him. The couple had been stopped by friends a dozen times along the way, and were strolling homeward in the dusk, arm in arm. They were ten yards from their own doorway when a short, dark man, wearing a brown velvet jacket, rubber-soled boots, and a black beret pulled low over his eyes, stepped out of the shadows and fired. Three bullets landed in Tandoy's back, causing him to fall heavily and drag his wife down with him. A fourth lodged fatally in the chest of a passing seventeen-year-old student. The assassin, oddly hunched and holding his hands to his belly, ran to a red Fiat waiting nearby, and drove away.

The classic brown velvet jacket, rubber-soled boots, and black beret of a Mafia killer, the equally classic Mafia ambush—the place and atmosphere in which the crime was committed left little doubt in Sicilians' minds as to who was responsible for Tandoy's death. Agrigento, famous among tourists for the magnificent Greek Temple of Zeus lying in its valley, is famous on the island itself for another reason: nowhere else in Sicily has the Mafia racked up as many killings as it has in this poor, sad, dirty town and its outlying province. But the Honored Society, as it is called, rarely kills a policeman, let alone a police commissioner. In this instance, its leaders were outraged at the very suggestion and obligingly offered to help the authorities hunt the murderer down. The police themselves took the Mafia at its word and began at once to look elsewhere for the murderer and the motive. Forty days later, investigators came up triumphantly with both. The actual killer, they said, was an unemployed epileptic named Salvatore Calaccione, who had acted as a *"sicario,"* or hired gunman. The *"mandanti"* who had hired him were Tandoy's widow and the director of Agrigento's psychiatric hospital, Dr. Mario La Loggia. The motive was love.

A Maze of Motives

The arrests put the Tandoy case on every front page in Italy. Mario La Loggia's family is not only among the wealthiest in Sicily but also one of the three or four that have long dominated the island's politics. His father was a pre-Fascist cabinet minister in Rome; his brother Giuseppe, a former president of the Sicilian regional assembly, is currently a candidate for the governorship of the Bank of Sicily; and the psychiatrist himself, a leader of Agrigento's social set, was the city's top political boss. The mere fact of his arrest was enough to electrify the local population; and the details of his crime, as reconstructed by the police, soon had all Italy enthralled.

The story, as the police told it,

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was spiced with all the sins that might relieve the dreary monotony of life in a provincial town. Leila Tandoy, one of the prettiest matrons in Agrigento, was young, gay, childless after twelve years of marriage, and unspeakably bored. So was Danika La Loggia, the psychiatrist's not so young but bold, chic, and sophisticated Montenegrin wife. The two women met and became inseparable friends—perhaps, as police hint, something more. The time began to pass more bearably. There were rounds of dressmakers and fashion shows, cocktails and charity balls, canasta and poker games (Danika was a passionate poker player, for exhilarating stakes), and all-night beach parties ending—or so the allusions went—in orgies of dope and sex.

Leila's husband, though by now on warmly friendly terms with the La Loggias, was too busy to share in these festivities. But Danika's husband apparently was not. Like Danika, Mario La Loggia was also fascinated by the lovely Leila Tandoy. The inseparable couple (Danika and Leila) became a threesome and then a foursome: Danika's lover, the rich Baron Agnello, with whom she had gone off around the world for some months, joined the set too. For a while, it wasn't quite clear which lover belonged to whom. But by the time Police Commissioner Tandoy became aware of what was happening by having Leila trailed to Palermo, where she would have trysts by day and retire discreetly to a convent at night, it was plain that his wife and La Loggia were deep in adultery.

According to investigators, Tandoy thereupon determined to get his wife out of Agrigento. With the help of his childhood friend Aldo Moro, the national secretary of the Christian Democratic Party, he got himself transferred to Rome. Leila refused to go with him, and La Loggia sent him a letter (later found by police) begging him not to take her away. "Do you want to ruin me? If Leila goes to Rome Danika threatens to go too," he wrote to Tandoy, his closest friend. Nevertheless, Tandoy came down to Agrigento at the end of March to collect his wife. On the afternoon of March 29, La Loggia met Signora Tandoy secretly in Palermo (they had driven the eighty miles in separate cars). On the evening of the same day, the two met with Tandoy in a stormy session. Implacably the police commissioner paid La Loggia $10,000 he owed him —how he contracted the debt and where he got the money to pay it remains a mystery—announced his own and Leila's imminent departure from Sicily, and stalked out. He was killed the next night.

It was a grand story. But it was hardly credible as it stood. Those who knew Leila Tandoy, for instance, conceded that she might have led a fast life, or what passes for that in the provinces, and that she might well have been in love with La Loggia (or with Danika, or with both). But a legal separation, easily available, could have given her all the freedom she wanted. Why should she have preferred her husband's death instead? And was she capable not only of leading him personally into the ambush but also, fully aware of what was coming, of coolly holding onto his arm while the killer aimed and fired? What if a bullet should stray, as in fact one did?

As for La Loggia, the tale seemed even less believable. The psychiatrist may have been soft about women, but he was thoroughly tough and icily efficient about politics, in which he and his entire family held immense stakes. Nothing in his background suggested any disposition to risk his family's and his own vast political power, not to mention his life, for love. If he really couldn't live without Leila, why not simply keep her in Sicily, through a legal separation, or else follow her to Rome (where, as it turned out, he had already bought an apartment)? Above all, why, if he felt he must arrange for Tandoy's death, should his arrangements have been so egregiously clumsy?

Certainly, his choice of *sicario* had been clumsy. As a celebrated *"amicu di li amici"*—a friend of friends in the Honored Society—La Loggia had a whole clutch of professional Mafia gunmen to choose from. Why, then, pick on Salvatore Calaccione, who, though a *Mafioso,* stood just about at the bottom of the list? Calaccione, first of all, was known far and wide as the La Loggia family's *galoppino,* or political errand boy. Furthermore, he suffered not only from epilepsy but also from a hernia, which made him a decidedly poor runner. What's more, he was an even poorer shot: before setting out to kill the police commissioner, he had put in a whole day of target practice, and even so, in firing at Tandoy from a spot four feet away, one of his shots went wide.

To reporters who had converged on Agrigento from every corner of Sicily and the Italian mainland, the case looked fishy. They did not so much question La Loggia's guilt. (Among the forty-odd love letters found by police, for instance, there was one from him to her saying: "I've planted an article with the Palermo press that will throw them all off the track." Another, from her to him, said: "I'm worried. They'll find out everything. Something's gone wrong . . . I'm afraid." In addition, Leila had sent police twenty-one anonymous letters, accusing other people of her husband's murder.) Many journalists, however, questioned La Loggia's motive. If he was indeed guilty of arranging Tandoy's death, he must have been in a terrible hurry. His love for Leila could scarcely explain such haste. What, then, was the real reason that made it imperative to eliminate the police commissioner before he could leave the island? The reason, the press decided, was fear rather than love; and as reporters began to dig deeper, the possible motives for such fear gradually came to light.

The Mafia Goes into Politics

The story goes back twelve years, to the time when the clever young war hero Cataldo Tandoy secured a police appointment in Agrigento so as to live with the family of his bride. Sicily then was in the throes of social revolution. The great feudal estates, preserved nearly intact since the Norman invasion eight centuries before, were threatened with expropriation by a national law and a menacing peasant movement. The Mafia, formed in the early 1800's primarily to meet such contingencies, was striking back with all the brutality of its hallowed

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traditions—and all the impunity as well. Throughout the vast *feudo* of western Sicily, peasant leaders were falling under Mafia gunfire, their faces blown away because they had presumed to defy the Honored Society and the barons behind it, or their tongues cut out because they had dared, by informing on some Mafia killer, to violate the sacred law of *omertà*.

In the Agrigentino, the province under Tandoy's jurisdiction, the wave of violence was at its height, and the new police commissioner didn't have to wait long for his first murder case. The victim was a peasant unionist named Accursio Miraglia. The identity of all five *sicari* and the baron *mandante* was widely known. The upright young police commissioner arrested them. They confessed. Soon afterward, however, they were all released on the ground that their confessions had been extorted by violence, and Tandoy himself was arrested for having practiced violence on them. He was exonerated, but he got the point. He did not make the same mistake again.

Conditions changed in Sicily with the passage of time. The barons learned how to handle land reform more discreetly—mostly through legislative manipulations in the regional assembly—and the peasant movement gradually receded. But the habit of violence persisted in many parts of the island. This was particularly true of the Agrigentino, where even the local bishop got two bullets in his chest when he tried to persuade some monks to move out of their monastery. The bullets were extracted by a doctor who bore bullet scars of his own: as a candidate for one faction of the Christian Democratic Party, he had been shot at by the *sicari* of another.

The doctor's case was more typical than the bishop's. The prevailing pattern behind the trigger-happiness in the province was political; and after the Christian Democrats' landslide election victory in 1948, it was largely a pattern of one Catholic politician arranging to knock off another. With the revolutionary surge checked in Sicily by that election, the local Christian Democratic leaders were freer to fight for power among themselves; and the Mafia, too, was freer to put itself at their disposal.

The arrangement set some historic precedents: Christian Democrats had never before resorted to murder so openly, or continuously, as a way of settling their internal quarrels, nor had the Mafia ever before been so closely identified with a single political party.

IN OLDEN DAYS, the Mafia had not played such an intricate political role. It was simply an arm of the island's landowning class. But after the Second World War, politics was more or less thrust upon it. The

change began, in fact, with the first Allied landings. Upon their arrival in Sicily, the Allies had found several hundred Mafia leaders languishing in prison, where Mussolini had put them so as to crush authority rival to his own. Assuming—with some reason—that these prisoners were all good anti-Fascists, the Allies not only freed them but promptly appointed them liaison officers and village mayors. After this brilliant debut, the Mafia took so happily and successfully to politics that when its Grand Chief died a few years ago, all government flags on the island were flown at half mast.

This political role has been especially useful to the Mafia as it has adjusted to postwar conditions by gradually intensifying its urban activities. Today, there is not only a Mafia of the *feudo* (agriculture) but also Mafias of truck gardens, wholesale fruit and vegetable markets, water supply, meat, fishing fleets, flowers, funerals, beer, *carrozze* (hacks), garages, and construction. Indeed, there is hardly a businessman in western Sicily who doesn't pay for the Mafia's "protection" in the form of *"u pizzu"*—the percentage that can buy wine enough to wet a bird's beak. To carry out these activities, the Honored Society itself needs protection; and this has been forthcoming from the *amici di li amici*—the men in high places who have direct access to the police and the judiciary. In exchange for such favors, the Mafia's gunmen are available when needed.

In the Agrigentino the gunmen have been needed quite often. Since 1948, the province has had two mighty armies locked in battle: the Bonfiglio-De Leo families on one side, the La Loggias on the other. Each has its well-delineated territory in the province: Bonfiglios and De Leos in the western sector and La Loggias in the mountainous center, with the eastern zone raided by both; and each has operated with a wing of the Mafia headed by the Honored Society's top men. The Bonfiglio-De Leo wing goes right up to the Grand Mafia Chief of the island himself, Don Giuseppe Genco Russo. The La Loggias' highest contact, only slightly less important, is Zu Cola Gentile, a deported gangster known in the United States as Nick Gentile (a relative, incidentally, of Leila Tandoy), who now reigns supreme in Sicilian capital of Palermo.

Both sides have made liberal use of the Mafia's *sicari*. In the twelve years since Police Commissioner Tandoy arrived there, no less than twelve Catholic politicians have been assassinated in the province for political reasons—two or three for each election campaign. Among them were Christian Democrats from both major camps: candidates, "notables" and "grand electors," an assistant mayor, a mayor, a regional secretary of the party, and the Sicilian chairman of Catholic Action.

In most or all of these cases, the killers' identities were no secret. But Tandoy, though famous for his ability to catch common criminals, was curiously lax where these murderers were concerned. In one instance he did make an arrest, but the charges were dropped. In another, involving the slaying of Mayor Eraclide Giglio of Alessan-

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dria della Rocca, he was on his way to arrest the killer, but someone else got their first: Tandoy found his quarry lying in a pool of blood. Soon after this incident, the late Mayor Giglio's ward captain was also slain, under unusual circumstances. He had bought a live Easter lamb, which was buttoned under his jacket when the gunmen opened fire. The lamb's terrified bleating was taken by onlookers for the cries of the dead man's soul; and when the creature escaped from the jacket, dripping blood, they crossed themselves in superstitious terror.

The Commissioner's Diary

No one knows whether it was his friendship for La Loggia, or bribery, or political pressure that led Tandoy to write off these murder cases officially as the work of "persons unknown." Whatever his motives, that is what he did. But the names of these persons—*sicari, mandanti,* and all—were carefully recorded in a diary he had kept since his arrival in Sicily. The diary had traveled to Rome with him, and had remained there when he came to Agrigento to claim his wife. In the mood he was in when he confronted La Loggia, he may very well have threatened to reveal its contents. Few men could have furnished a more compelling motive for their own swift demise.

Assuming that La Loggia was in fact threatened in this manner and did therefore summon the family *galoppino* to eliminate the danger at once, he must have been perfectly confident of getting away with the crime. Sicilian authorities don't often lay hands on so powerful a Man of Respect. They have done so only once before in this century: in 1929 when, on Mussolini's orders, they arrested the then Grand Mafia Chief, Don Vito Caccio-Ferro, for what he called in court "the only crime I never committed." Under ordinary circumstances, therefore, someone in La Loggia's position would have had little reason to fear the arm of the law. But his circumstances at the time of Tandoy's death were not ordinary.

It would be too simple to attribute La Loggia's detention to the battle for power in the Agrigentino: neither the Bonfiglio nor the De Leo family could take much comfort from so dangerous a precedent. But the La Loggias have happened, in the course of this battle, to take a political stand whose ramifications go far beyond provincial frontiers. Though they certainly aren't leftists, they are tactical partisans of Amintore Fanfani, leader of the Christian Democratic Party's center-left forces in Rome.

For some years now, Fanfani has been working toward a governmental alliance with Pietro Nenni's Socialists. The arguments about this so-called opening to the Left, always heated, have by now reached such intensity as to plunge the country's governing Catholic party—and as a result, the country's entire political structure—into the worst crisis Italy has had since the war. Twice in two years, the second time only a few weeks after Tandoy's murder, Fanfani has tried as prime minister to bring this opening about, only to be brought down through the colossal pressure of conservative industrial and clerical interests. On the last occasion, at Eastertide, the impact of his fall all but shattered the Christian Democratic Party.

In Sicily, the La Loggias' political fortunes have risen and fallen with Fanfani's. Mario's brother Giuseppe, for instance, was forced out of the regional assembly presidency as part of a national strategy to force Fanfani's first resignation. He was on the verge of a comeback this spring, along with Fanfani. But once again, the latter's failure meant his own. No one in the island capital, however, assumed that these defeats were permanent; and on their home grounds, in Agrigento, the La Loggias have been much harder to beat. The political machine within the city itself has been firmly under Mario's control since 1953, and during this past stormy spring he used it to impose a Catholic-Socialist communal junta. Though Fanfani's similar project was swept away in Rome, La Loggia's survives.

It would be absurd to trace his arrest back to this single political step. But the step did make him peculiarly vulnerable in a moment when a rash love affair had brought him to the edge of ruin. At a time of great personal danger, when he needed all the protection that a worthy friend of the friends might otherwise command, he had lined up against him not only the Bonfiglios and De Leos but also the island's landowner barons, industrialists, financiers, and highest prelates; and behind that array stood the still more formidable army of similar interests in Rome.

THE SUGGESTION that these interests might have conspired to catch Mario La Loggia in this trap—at the grave risk of being caught in it themselves—would seem preposterous if something very much like this hadn't happened in Italy before. It was Fanfani himself who used someone's death, in 1954, to set a chain of events in motion that might trap his right-wing opponents in the Christian Democratic Party. The result was the Wilma Montesi case, which came close to wrecking the party entirely.

The Montesi case was finally maneuvered through dense clouds of judicial procedure into oblivion, and now that the Rome *carabinieri* have discovered Tandoy's diary, there is good reason to expect the same this time. There is hardly a politician in western Sicily who isn't incriminated up to the eyes by that diary. Should it ever be read out in a public courtroom, therefore, the defendants would be not only Leila Tandoy, Salvatore Calaccione, and Mario La Loggia, now awaiting trial in the Agrigento jail, but the entire leadership of the island's Christian Democratic Party—right, left, and center.

From Agrigento to Palermo to Rome, consequently, even La Loggia's bitterest enemies have come to feel that the police commissioner's secrets had better be buried with him. Tandoy, after all, is dead. His widow, if not perhaps for all the correct reasons, is inconsolable. Her lover, even if he is never tried or convicted, is ruined politically, and it may be many years before any other La Loggia can return to the political arena. To press any further in this case might set another chain of events in motion that the Christian Democrats, this time, might be impotent to control. Like so many others in Sicily, therefore, the murder of Cataldo Tandoy may well be written off in the end as the work of "persons unknown."

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Elijah in the Wilderness

NAT HENTOFF

"DO NOT SEEK to mix your blood through racial integration. . . .

"Protect your women . . . .

"Rid yourselves of the lust of wine and drink and learn to love self and your kind before loving others. . ."

These precepts are not from the credo of a temperance branch of the White Citizens Councils; they are part of a twelve-point code delivered to the annual convention of the Temples of Islam this February in Chicago by Elijah Muhammad, "The Messenger of Allah to the Lost-Found Nation of Islam in North America."

These self-styled Muslims are a movement of more than a hundred thousand American Negroes who believe in separating themselves as completely as possible from whites. They intend to set up a separate school system and eventually become economically self-sufficient. Mr. Muhammad preaches the superiority of the Negro and has no interest in the fight for integration because, he explains, "The black man of America cannot and should not hope to have a sincere brotherhood with the white race. The nature of the races is opposed to it."

Most Negro leaders and newspapermen do not regard the movement as a serious long-range threat to the kind of progress being accelerated by the student sit-ins and the combined efforts of the N.A.A.C.P., the National Urban League, and Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference. The consensus is, however, that the Temples of Islam are increasing and that Mr. Muhammad has succeeded in building the largest mass movement among Negroes since Marcus Garvey, a West Indian who enlisted at least half a million Negroes in his United Negro Improvement Association and "Back to Africa" movement between 1916 and 1925.

Although Mr. Muhammad will authorize no statistics, he has temples in at least twenty-seven states. The major branches are in Chicago (the leader's headquarters), New York, and Detroit. Others exist in, among other cities, Milwaukee, Washington, Boston, Cincinnati, Baltimore, San Diego, Atlanta, Richmond, St. Louis, Durham, Dallas, and Miami. The Muslims are even organizing in Biloxi and Jackson, Mississippi. Los Angeles now has two temples and the movement there has been growing with particular rapidity.

That New-Time Religion

As Muhammad's key organizer, Malcolm X (*né* Little) says: "There is no other black man in America who can by himself bring out several thousand Negroes just to hear *him*. The others need entertainment—Dizzy Gillespie, Mahalia Jackson, or

Count Basie—but Mr. Muhammad brings out crowds wherever he appears." During his last visit to New York in 1959, St. Nicholas Arena was filled to its five thousand capacity and at least four thousand more were massed outside.

Although Mr. Muhammad and his spokesmen claim to lead what is primarily a religious movement, there is considerable doubt about the degree of its involvement with Mohammedanism as such, even though the more devout members do pray to the East five times a day and perform the traditional ablutions beforehand. Last December, Mr. Muhammed ostentatiously made his first pilgrimage to Mecca to silence the skeptics; but a spokesman for the Islamic Center in Washington says haughtily of the movement: "We are neither aware of nor interested in it." Most Mohammedans in America—who number around thirty-five thousand—do not attack Mr. Muhammad, but they do deprecate his use of Islam as a means toward establishing a Negro nationalist movement. His temples engage in some ritual deviations and they are open only to Negroes, contrary to orthodox tradition and teaching.

In any case, Mr. Muhammad cites Allah as the source of his mandate, and he prospers. Although there are indications—but no proof as yet—that several fringe Negro nationalist groups receive financial aid from the Middle East, the Temples of Islam quite likely support themselves. There is some evidence, however, that Mr. Muhammad has been financially encouraged by at least one Texas millionaire. Collections at meetings are generous, and there is a growing network of Muslim-owned enterprises, from lunch counters to apartment houses. Mr. Muhammad is currently collecting funds for a two-block "Islamic" center in Chicago which he has budgeted at $20 million. The center will contain a mosque, an educational institute, a library, and a four-hundred-bed hospital. There are already two "Universities of Islam" in Detroit and Chicago.

MR. MUHAMMAD'S methods are by no means unique in American Negro history. Marcus Garvey's ability to establish Negro-owned businesses such as the Black Star steamship line, factories, and cooperatives (no whites were allowed as investors in his enterprises) was not lost on various adventurers in nationalism. Nor was the strong appeal of such titles as the Universal Black Cross Nurses and a projected Black House rather than a White House when he became president of

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Africa. Garvey also effectively included distinctive costumes for his followers.

In Detroit another "Islamic" army was formed in the late 1920's by an enigmatic peddler who used several names, among them W. D. Fard and Farrad Mohammed. In four years, he had eight thousand disciples in Detroit for his first Temple of Islam. It was Fard who began the initial "University of Islam" and who encouraged his followers to abandon their "slave" names.

Fard disappeared around 1933, and in the battle for succession, Elijah Muhammad, one of his followers, opened a Temple of Islam in Chicago and gradually gained considerable personal power. Mr. Muhammad's "slave" name was Poole and he was born in Sandersville, Georgia, October, 1897. The son of a Baptist minister, his formal education probably extended to the eighth grade. A slight man with a zealot's intense solemnity, Mr. Muhammad has a quick, intuitive intelligence. It is difficult to be certain how much of his own inflammable rhetoric he believes.

White men, he shouts, are "by nature . . . murderers and liars." He once bitterly complained that Negro wealth is over fifteen billion dollars and eighty-five per cent of that money is "tied up into monstrous churches." A more restrained follower, Mohammad Eli V, estimates the percentage at thirty-three. In any case, Muhammad insistently repeats, "This money should be used to build factories. . . . If there are six or eight Muslims with knowledge and experience of the grocery business—pool your knowledge, open a grocery store. The white man spends his money with his *own kind,* which is natural. You, too, must do this. . . . We will no longer have our students forcing their way into the white man's restaurants and stores. We have to teach our children that what we have is just as good if not superior."

"The Messenger," as he is often called by his followers, preaches both that Christianity is evil and that Jesus was "dark" and "a Muslim." The virulence of Muhammad's anti-Christianity has been tempered somewhat in recent months as the Muslims have come to realize that many American Negroes are still churchgoing believers and resent the violence of Muhammad's attacks on their faith. Muhammad and his followers, however, have not been reticent in opposing the student sit-ins in the South. "The Negro students," the Chicago edition of the nationalist newspaper *Herald-Dispatch* advised, "should remain in college, gain their education and prepare themselves to compete with whites on every level of this highly mechanized society . . . [and] put on a major fight for the vote. The vote will solve the problem because then you will have men in the city, state, and national governments representing you. . . . The Enchanter from the North is financing this phony struggle under the pretext of wanting integration. He has economic domination over the Negro and gentile in northern and western states, via this phony integration, and sees a large revenue of additional finance in Southern cities in the hands of the Southern Negro businessman. The only method in which he can

break down the Negro businessman in the South, as he has in the North, is through a phony integration policy."

The Disciple That He Loved

Mr. Muhammad's message has most impact among those Negroes with small income and smaller hope. Although the movement includes a few intellectuals and some former Christian ministers, the bulk of Mr. Muhammad's support—as was the case with Garvey and is with other nationalist groups—comes from the most depressed, economically and spiritually. Assistant minister Eugene Callender of the Church of the Master in Harlem points out, for one example, the young Negroes at Riker's Island for narcotics violations: "Some suddenly start sending for Muhammad's paper and stop reading the Pittsburgh *Courier* and the *Amsterdam News.* Suddenly they become tremendously race-conscious. The movement gives them a way to escape real self-acceptance as American Negroes, and a way to release some of their hostility. You're not supposed to wear a beard there but some grow them and claim the beards are part of their religion. The city has made a mistake that accentuates this kind of reaction. There are perhaps 2,400 Negroes and Puerto Ricans out of the three thousand on the island, and the head chaplain is white. Besides, he is a German who can't speak English too well."

Mr. Muhammad has made many converts among Negroes in jail, including his spokesman Malcolm X. Although Mr. Muhammad has six sons (one, like his father before him, has been convicted of refusing to obey the Selective Service Act), his managing director is Malcolm X. Ostensibly in charge of the New York temple, Malcolm X travels widely in an organizational capacity and is also the movement's most astute debater on radio and before college groups. Tall, lean, calmly alert, he enjoys the challenge of debate and seldom is able to repress a sardonic smile of superiority when he scores a point. I asked him for instance, whether there is much anti-Semitism in the movement. He answered in mock astonishment, "How can we be anti-Semitic?"

In recent months, Malcolm X has toned down the vehemence of his anti-white stand. According to C. Eric Lincoln, professor of religion and philosophy at Clark College in Atlanta and the leading authority on Mr. Muhammad's movement, the reason is that "Malcolm X realizes the weight of the forces against him and does not want to so antagonize the opposition that the movement will be destroyed."

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Malcolm X is about thirty-five and was born in the Midwest. He was one of a minister's eight children and his parents were followers of Marcus Garvey. The Klan burned their house and his father died of a beating, presumably administered by the Klan. The family broke up and Malcolm was assigned to a boys' institution where he was the only Negro in the school and was invariably first in his class. He was asked in the eighth grade what he wanted to become. He preferred law but was told that law was not a suitable profession for a Negro and that instead he should think of a trade such as carpentry. By his late teens, Malcolm was operating successfully on the fringes of the Harlem underworld. It was in Massachusetts, however, that he was imprisoned for larceny. In jail he heard of Mr. Muhammad's teachings, engaged in correspondence with him, and upon his release became involved with the movement.

"It was while I was a Christian," Malcolm often says with a smile, "that I was evil." It is true, as Mr. Muhammad's supporters and detractors both agree, that the movement has had great success in rehabilitating former addicts, alcoholics, and criminals. Mr. Muhammad, like Marcus Garvey, neither smokes nor drinks, nor are any of the members of the Temples of Islam allowed to. The backsliders are ostracized until they reform themselves. The movement has also significantly strengthened the Negro family unit among its adherents. The father is the undisputed head of the house.

James Hicks, editor of the *Amsterdam News* in New York, is no friend of the movement but admits that "They have high regard for women and they fight like hell for each other. They're always dressed neatly and present no delinquency problems." The men enroll in weekly classes in body building, drilling, and judo. There is even a youth corps, Fruit of Islam. But Malcolm X and others insist that "We resort to violence only if we are attacked. We don't believe in turning the other cheek because that's not natural to man, but we also don't believe in creating violence."

In her column "The Woman in Islam," which appears in the monthly newspaper, *Mr. Muhammad Speaks* ("A Militant Monthly Dedicated to Justice for the Black Man"), Sister Tynetta X writes: "You say you send your children to the movies for their enjoyment and entertainment, but as your child watches the screen he is learning how clever and smart it is to lie, cheat, steal, commit other

indecent acts and get away with it. They learn how to curse their parents, even beat them. And your little girls even at the early age of seven and eight are learning from the screen how to entice, tempt, and allure little boys . . . Allah has patiently, compassionately, and most mercifully come to our aid with Islam. He has prepared special classes, designed to uplift the black woman back to her former position of greatness and permanent honor."

It is one credit to the movement that, as John X writes in the same paper, "Messenger Muhammad has saved many of our people from being victims of spiritual advisors who offer help for cash, home cure doctors, root sellers, charm sellers, dream interpreters, symbol readers, number givers, numbers writers, . . . horoscope readers, prayer candle sellers and others who have tried to reap benefits from our people. All these two-ninety-eight specialists Mr. Muhammad exposed as being blood suckers on our people."

"We are said to preach hate," Malcolm X said to me in the Temple No. 7 Luncheonette on Lenox Avenue, "but you will be treated more courteously by us than in many Negro churches that profess to want integration." While waiting for Mr. X, I had been welcomed by someone playing on the juke box a record made by Muhammad's Temple No. 11 in Boston. The song, composed and performed by Louis X, was "A White Man's Heaven Is a Black Man's Hell."

Whites, including reporters, are not admitted to Temple services or to mass meetings. "A hospital," Malcolm X explains, "is for sick people. We are teaching people who are economically, politically, socially, and culturally sick. We need all the room for them. But we are not anti-white. We are anti-exploitation. We want something of our own, and then others will have to deal with us on an equal basis. Some people seem to think we have horns. Why, we even have non-Muslims employed by our businesses and teaching in our schools. We're only against anyone and anything that's against us."

Two Dollars for the N.A.A.C.P.

Malcolm X, like all other Negro nationalists of whatever direction, has great respect for the memory of Marcus Garvey. In this he agrees with many Negro intellectuals who opposed the Garvey movement but feel now that, as the Reverend Mr. Callender of Harlem says, "Garvey did make people proud to be black." Kwame Nkrumah has named Ghana's steamship company the Black Star Line, and at a 1953 West African nationalist conference over which Nkrumah presided, Garvey was praised "for his early inspiration to the Negro race." "But Garvey's people," the Negro journalist George Schuyler has remarked, "didn't have any religious angle. They just worshiped Garvey."

Many former Garveyites are now members of the Temples of Islam or of other nationalist groups. All the nationalists emphasize study of the Negro past. "Most so-called Negroes," Malcolm X asserts, "know less about their cultural background than a native in deepest Africa. Many, in fact, still think of Africa—despite the growth of African states—as a continent of naked, flesh-eating

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barbarians. We teach them how rich their past is; we teach them there were black men on earth before the whites, and that we are the chosen of Allah."

Malcolm X admits that the program is designed for the "masses, not for the brain-washed, satisfied Negro middle class." The Negro middle class is being attacked on all sides in the struggle for Negro rights. The most trenchant indictment and one that has influenced many Negro college students is Professor E. Franklin Frazier's *Black Bourgeoisie* (Free Press). A few months ago, Frazier said to a well-dressed Negro audience in Montclair, New Jersey, that the Negro middle class is plunging into conspicuous consumption and is growing up "without any minds . . . running from the Baptist Church to the Congregationalist Church, to the Bahai, trying to find some place where people don't know they are colored."

Callender feels that while middle-class Negroes in the South have been shaken up and reanimated by the sit-in movement, those in the North are as yet mostly unmoved. "They live in plush apartments, give two dollars a year to the N.A.A.C.P., play bridge instead of poker, and spend the summer in Puerto Rico or Oak Bluffs in Massachusetts. And many of our ministers are at fault too. Not enough of them get involved in social action. It's not enough to just preach on social issues. You have to get out and work. A movement like Muhammad's obviously gains strength not only from the shortcomings of the white community but from our own as well."

It is Callender's feeling and that of many other Negro leaders throughout the country that while Mr. Muhammad's movement will continue to add supporters for a while, it should reach its peak shortly. Such major Negro newspapers as the Pittsburgh *Courier* and the *Amsterdam News* used to carry Muhammad's columns, obviously as circulation builders, but both have dropped him. Malcolm X claims they were pressured by advertisers, but James Hicks of the *Amsterdam News* says scornfully: "There was no pressure. We dropped him because he was so out of line with everything we thought. He can't get much more real strength. Two or three years ago he was gobbling up a lot of people around here, but he has almost all of those now who are willing to be blindly led. Most of the other Negroes are just watching him. And we've stopped giving him much publicity."

The increasingly successful use of nonviolent action by Southern students and the symbolic power of Martin Luther King are also weakening Mr. Muhammad. "The average Negro," according to George Schuyler, "wants to be an American. That's all. He doesn't want to look strange or go on a strange diet." Another weakness in the Temples' foundations is the evident unreality of Mr. Muhammad's long-term solutions, such as his territorial demands. "We are a nation," echoes Malcolm X, "the same as Ghana. We have our own flag and we insist on being given land by the American government. Our free labor made America possible." Although drawing inspirational strength from the success of Africa's nationalist movements, Mr. Muhammad's Temples of Islam are —in their sense of the term—indigenously American.

Equality Will Suffice

It's difficult to see how a militant movement like the Temples of Islam can attract a wide following among people who are tending more and more to regard it as just plain funny. Ollie Harrington, a cartoonist for the *Courier,* which has the largest circulation among Negro papers, has shown Bootsie, a middle-aged Negro, standing on a street corner with a fez and other Islamic attire. His skeptical friends surround him, and one says, "Well no, Bootsie, I ain't sayin' you're lyin'. But how did you *just* find out you was really a Egyptian?"

"There's been too *much* separation," says Harry Reid, a real-estate man and CORE (Congress of Racial Equality) worker in Norfolk. "Muhammad is going the wrong way." In Montgomery, Alabama, E. D. Nixon, a Pullman porter, head of the N.A.A.C.P. in the state before it was outlawed and the man who first suggested the bus boycott, is a tough, outspoken fighter for Negro rights. "This isn't what I've been working for," he said recently. "I want equality, not superiority." The Reverend Ralph Abernathy, who succeeded Martin Luther King as head of the Montgomery Improvement Association, smiled when I brought up Mr. Muhammad's name one morning in his church office. "Well, now," he said, "I don't think they'll get much stronger. But I don't think the Negro has time—or needs—to apologize for the crackpots in his community. We have a right to our crackpots as you do to yours."

Toward the end of a long afternoon, Temple No. 7 Luncheonette in Harlem was almost empty. Malcolm X leaned back and looked at me with his characteristic smile. "I don't regard it as progress," he said, "but I admit that some whites are listening more these days to some of the so-called Negro leaders who are working for integration. They're listening to the moderates. But," and he looked at me steadily, "the white man wouldn't listen to a moderate if there were not an extremist behind him. Tom Mboya wouldn't have gotten that far if there hadn't been the shadow of Jomo Kenyatta."

Malcolm X may yet be an executive in the Urban League, but Elijah Muhammad is more likely to end as Marcus Garvey did—with little left but pictures of himself addressing huge crowds years before.

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A Short Story

Gopher Hunting

LOIS PHILLIPS HUDSON

IT IS WHERE there are the fewest distinctions between men and women that there can be the most bitterness between them. If a woman's major function in life is to contribute additional muscles and energy to her husband's physical battle for survival, then her usefulness will be judged by the same criteria that determine the usefulness of males. Such habits of thinking result in constant comparisons, usually to the disadvantage of females, so that women are seldom allotted any niche to dominate.

Even in the kitchen of a North Dakota home less than a generation ago, men had the feeling that women must be somehow inferior. There, the average farm wife, like my mother, still baked her own bread, churned her own butter, rendered out the lard for the crust of her pies, cultivated and harvested the family's vegetables, and nurtured, then executed, the chickens fried for the Sunday table. But still, as my father would often observe, "It's just *practice*. I can cook better than *any* woman if I put my mind to it. Of course, there may be some things a woman is born to be better at. Like bathing a baby, for instance. But I reckon I could even do a pretty fair job at that, too, if I ever had to."

North Dakota men didn't bathe babies, so the question never came up. On the other hand, the question of women and the important tasks of life came up all the time, and since women were judged by how much wheat they could shock or how many cows they could milk, they were almost always doomed to inferiority. Once in a great while a woman made a good showing, and my father would sound honestly admiring when he said something like, "You ought to have seen Hilda Jensen out there helping Aaron dehorn those calves. Why, she's as tough as a man! Quite a gal!"

When beauty and graciousness appear in such an existence, they are irrelevant, and they perish like any other delicate untended thing. Beauty fades into a dusty sun squint, and graciousness dies in exhaustion.

As a small girl on a North Dakota farm some twenty years ago, I probably resented the fate that made me female no more than did most of my contemporaries. There seemed to be nothing for us to look forward to except spending our lives as poor seconds to men. We could learn to live with that prospect or we could smolder hopelessly. Some of my friends achieved a resentful peace—that is, they openly, if grudgingly, admitted boys were superior. Some of them, like me, smoldered and fought. Our obsession with our inferiority we kept secret, and we courted opportunities to demonstrate our superiority. The boys, amused by our fanaticism, patronized and mocked us with ridiculous dares, not one of which we failed to accept. I remember the time when one of my second-grade classmates dared me to shinny up the iron pole that supported the top landing of the fire escape on the schoolhouse. I went all the way, of course, two and a half stories above the cement sidewalk.

BUT THE EFFORTS I made to impress the boys I went to school with were nothing compared to the efforts I made to impress my father. By the time I was seven years old I was driving a team of horses up and down a hayfield while he worked in the back of the hayrack, pitching the hay forward to make room for more, piling it on the revolving teeth of the hay loader. When we transferred the load to the loft or the haystack, I tramped it down as he forked it up to me. As I floundered back and forth, sidestepping the flashing tines of the hayfork, reeling from the heat, choking in the swarming dust and chaff, lifting my dead legs over and over again with the false energy of my mania, I would tell myself that no boy could keep up with a man who pitched hay as fast as my father.

I fed calves, herded cattle, weeded the garden, husked corn, and hauled buckets of water up the long hill to the house, always wondering what more a boy could do to please my father. In winter when he hunted jack rabbits over miles of snow-covered prairie, I plodded after him, keeping my tracks straight like an Indian's and trying to stretch my stride as long as his.

"I swan, that child walks exactly

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like her father," my grandmother would say to my mother disapprovingly. Her tone didn't bother me at all; I was proud of what she had said.

But there was one thing all boys could do that I couldn't. I couldn't kill a gopher—or any other living thing, for that matter. This I knew was the failing that betrayed all my other efforts to become as useful and as admirable as a boy. My cousin, who was four years older than I, earned nearly fifteen dollars a summer by trapping gophers. Two cents a tail could add up remarkably, especially if you cut the big tails in half. My father would keep pointing out that if I were only like Warren I could earn some money too. Finally, the summer that I was going on eight, I decided that I would simply have to start trapping gophers. My father was very pleased. He located a gopher hole behind the chicken house and said, "Now here's some easy money right here. I'll fetch you a trap and you'll have him in an hour or so."

As we approached the hole I felt sicker and sicker, and the sicker I got the more I hated myself for being female. He showed me how to set the trap, but he wouldn't put it in the hole. He wanted me to think that I was earning this money myself. I pried the serrated jaws apart and laid the trap in the freshly dug earth. Then I took a big rock and pounded the stake on the trap chain deep into the ground, so that if the teeth caught the gopher's foot he couldn't drag the whole thing away before I got there to finish him off.

My father went whistling off to the fields and I slunk into the grove and sat in my swing. But I didn't swing, because I felt that somebody who was doing what I was doing ought not to be playing. I tried to imagine taking a rock in my hand and bringing it down on the head of a tiny frantic animal whose foot bled around a trap. I wanted to pray that God would make him stick his head squarely into the death I had set out for him, but that crunching snap was not the sort of thing one could pray for. Besides, every night I prayed that God would turn me into a boy while I slept, and I thought that if He was anything like parents, I was more likely to get one big favor from Him if I was careful not to ask for too many little ones.

I HAVE NO IDEA how long I sat in the swing before sneaking back around the chicken house to the trap; perhaps, measured by the clock (of all inventions the most irrelevant to human misery), it was no more than five minutes. The brainless levity of the hens and roosters in the chicken yard revolted me. It did not matter to them that a charming creature from the fields had to die for stealing a bit of the corn we showered upon them in return for a few eggs. I picked up the big rock I had pounded the stake with, to prove to myself that I could use it if I had to.

The trap was empty. I stood over it a moment until I realized that the gopher might come up and be caught before my eyes. I rushed back to the swing and began all over again the wretched process of hardening myself. After another five minutes I visited the trap again, and once more retreated, trembling with relief.

I made two or three more trips before I broke. Once I had made my resolution, I leapt from the swing, distraught at the possibility of being too late. The trap was still empty. I flung a stone on the trigger and jumped when it sprang shut. Then I wrenched the stake out of the ground and dragged the trap back to the barn, where I hung it on its peg. It clanked against the wall a couple of times, calling "coward" after me.

Had I been craftier, I would have sprung the trap and allowed my father to think that a twig had fallen into it or that the gopher had managed to spring it without being caught, as they sometimes did. That would have shown that I had done my best but that the gopher was too smart for me and knew how to hang onto his two-cent tail. But I was not crafty, and I spent the rest of the morning steeling myself against the pain of my father's disgust.

He was angry as well as disgusted. Gophers were one of the main irritations of his life. They robbed the fields and riddled the pastures with holes so that horses and cows would stumble into them and break their legs. Not only had I once again demonstrated my foolish weakness, I had also betrayed him. He stamped out to the chicken house and set the trap himself. The next morning he came in from milking and said, "Well, I got your gopher for you. If you want the tail, go get it. Otherwise, throw him out in the pasture somewheres, so he don't stink up the yard."

I wouldn't have dreamed of taking the tail in for that two cents; I knew the sneer that would sit on my father's face all the way to town. Not that I didn't want the two cents, which was more money than I might see in two or three weeks. I stopped thinking about how much candy the two pennies would buy when I saw the dead gopher, his disheveled head bleeding and his pert little jaws askew, with the curved white teeth pointing out at chaotic angles. I picked him up tenderly by his valuable tail and walked out to the pasture. There I took a stick and scooped a grave for him, covering it with blades of grass and the indifferent faces of dandelions.

NEITHER my father nor I had forgotten my failure on the day Peter Liljeqvist, one of the town boys, walked out to our farm to ask my father if he could spend a few hours trapping gophers on our property. He was a year older than I, and from the dark tan of his staunch face to the lithe vigor of his slim legs, he was compellingly masculine. I could see that my father longed for a son like him, but though I resented him for being a boy, still I felt an unwilling attraction to him. As boys went, he was one of the nicer ones in school. Perhaps he had some sort of special feeling for me, too, for it occurs to me now that he surely didn't need to go three miles from town to find more gophers than he could catch in six months.

It was routine, in a male-dominated world, for him to nod toward me and ask my father, "O.K. if she goes along?"

My father hooted. "Sure, she can go along. Sure. Big help she'll be to you."

My mother interrupted him. "Just a minute and I'll pack you a lunch," she said.

"Nice stand of wheat you got out there along the road," Peter remarked easily but respectfully to my father. Good man talk. It would

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nave done me no good at all to say the same thing.

My mother came to the door with the lunch in a gallon pail. The last thing my father said was, "Can't count on her for any help, Pete. You know what girls are like."

With a chivalry that nearly quenched my jealousy of him, Peter said, "Oh, she can carry the lunch. That's enough help."

We headed for the pasture, walking into the sun, with our shadows diverging at a squat angle to the left behind us. Peter's only equipment was a long cord, one end of which he made into a noose, and a knife for cutting off tails. When we came to what looked like a recently made hole, he arranged the noose around the mouth of it. Then he tested the breeze with a wet finger and we moved downwind. He knelt and sat back on his heels, clutching the end of the cord, prepared to yank it up tight the instant a head emerged.

My stomach felt the same way it had that day in the swing, but I was very still. I was determined to prove to Peter that I could be as quiet and purposeful as any male. For a while we sat absorbed in anticipation—he in eagerness, I in dread. But Peter was not a very patient hunter, or perhaps he preferred exploring to hunting. He never wanted to stay at one place very long, and we wandered farther and farther, pausing to sit by a burrow now and then as much for rest as for trapping. We were having an argument about which holidays were the best—Christmas, birthdays, the Fourth of July, or Hallowe'en—when a small striped head darted up through Peter's noose and startled us both. Before he could jerk it closed, the gopher was nearly out of the hole and he caught only its hind legs. It flopped on its back, twisted up its head, and raked Peter's fist with its long front teeth. "Ow!" he yelled, and in his shock he smashed down with the rock he held in his other hand. It was a mangling blow to the gopher's little belly, but it did not die. It lay writhing at our feet.

"Go get a bigger rock!" Peter screamed.

Even if he had dared let go of the string, he couldn't have moved. I knew that we had to end the gopher's agony, but I also knew that I could never do it. I found a rock I could barely lift and lugged it back to Peter. He dropped it on the gopher's head, and the legs in the noose kicked once and were still.

WE STOOD THERE for a minute and then Peter said, "Let's eat our lunch." The vacancy in my stomach was not caused by hunger, but I agreed. We moved a few yards away, turned our backs on the gopher, and opened the pail. "Boy, homemade bread!" Peter exclaimed. "My mother hardly ever makes it."

"Mine always does," I said. "My father doesn't like store bread. But I do," I added. It always seemed to me that store bread was much more aristocratic than homemade, but it made me happy to have Peter think

the large thick slices with their heavy crusts were a treat. I was so cheered by his enthusiasm that I found the dry sandwiches going down with unwonted smoothness. We finished off our bottle of water and stuck it back in the pail. Our dread of the gopher was gone. I felt terribly sorry for him but I wasn't afraid to look at him any more. After all, I wasn't the guilty one; it was all Peter's doing.

Peter drew his knife from his pocket with his old aplomb, snapped out the blade, and severed the bushy little tail. The great red ants had arrived and were at their task. He brushed them away and freed his noose.

We had no luck with the holes we tried after that, but our ramblings between burrows netted us a hoard of the natural litter that children feel compelled to save and store away—three discarded snakeskins, an abandoned bird's nest, the empty blue shell of a robin's egg, inexplicably far from the nearest trees, the thin, loose-toothed skull of a rabbit, and a delicate forest of toadstools pushing up from a dried heap of cow dung. We packed everything, including all the toadstools, in the lunch pail.

We were skirting the edge of a wide slough a mile or so from our farm when we noticed a hawk circling persistently right over us. With his eyes on the hawk, Peter stumbled over the moist mound at the edge of a new gopher hole and we both remembered that we were supposed to be collecting tails.

"Hey, I bet the old hawk is just up there waiting for this gopher to come out. I bet he saw him go in this hole," Peter said, and his reasoning seemed to be corroborated as the hawk's shadow swept viciously over the mound at our feet. "Let's drownd him out!" Peter cried. He found a rock and settled his noose while I carefully unloaded our treasures and filled the lunch pail with the muddy water of the slough. I liked hauling water much better than sitting silently through our grim and fruitless watches. Peter spread his fingers to hold the noose in place while I poured the water down the hole. After the fourth or fifth pailful I ceased to worry about the little creature down there shuddering in the dark while an erratic flood gushed in upon him. I was sure he wasn't there. It seemed to me that the other end of the tunnel must empty back into the slough.

I began to regard the circulation of water, a gallon at a time, as a useful activity in itself, and I was not at all prepared when my pail of water erupted in a muddy backwash that boiled out of the hole over my feet and foamed about the sleek dripping head of a half-dead gopher.

At the sight of the flashing tin pail above him, the gopher dived back into his instinctive refuge, but he came clawing out again. Peter yanked his noose, but it had floated harmlessly to one side of the hole, and the gopher hauled himself weakly onto the sloppy ground.

Once again the sudden materializing of our long-sought quarry transfixed us, and we watched stupidly while the gopher's heaving sides pumped air into his collapsing lungs. Finally Peter snatched up his rock and dropped it. It slammed into the mud, splattering us both up to our

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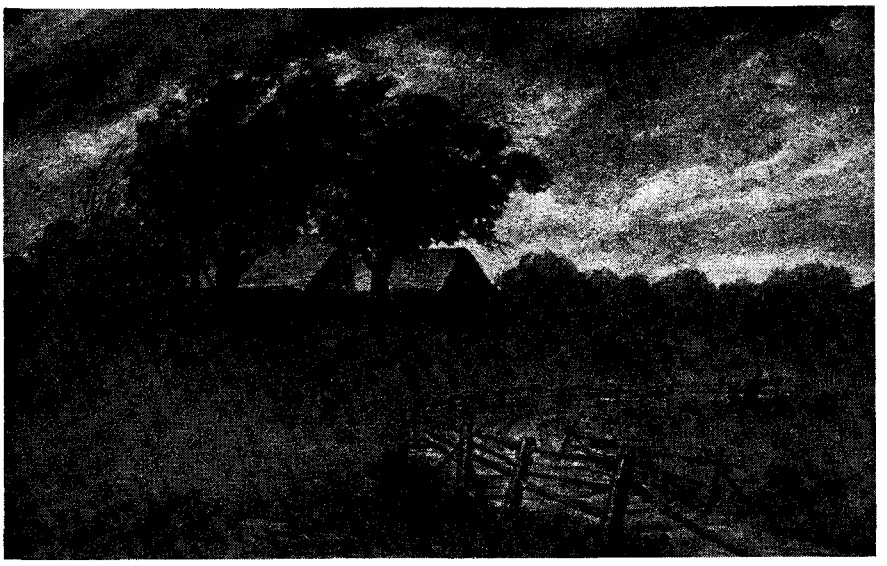

waists, and missing the gopher entirely. He made a wild plunge between our legs and disappeared into an old burrow just behind us.

"PHOOEY!" Peter spat. "Let him go! I hope that old hawk gets him the first time he comes out!"

He looked at our muddy legs. "Let's go down to the slough and wash," he said.

We took off our shoes and started sloshing the murky water up our shins. "I hear a frog!" Peter said. "Let's catch him."

"Aw, you can't tell where a frog is by the sound he makes," I said. I ought to have known; I had squandered hours leaping after a wily croak that switched direction while I was still in mid-air.

"I bet I can," he said, and he made a spectacular jump to the nearest hummock sticking out of the water. He wavered a little and dug his toes into the mud and said, "See, he was right here, just like I said. He just jumped into the water when he seen me coming."

It seemed to me that if the frogs were going to jump every time we jumped, our chances of catching one were pretty slim, but I didn't want Peter to think he was the only one who could make it from the shore to that hummock, so I said, "Get out of the way. Here I come." He stepped to the next hummock and I took a little run and landed squarely in his oozing footprints.

"Jeez, I didn't think you could do it," he said.

"I can do a six-foot standing broad jump," I said. "My father took me out and measured it one day. He said if I was only a boy he could make a champion out of me." Peter was distant and crestfallen. "I bet I can make it to that one over there," he said.

"I bet *I* can *too*," I said.

He gave himself a shove and lit with one bare heel slanting back into the slough. Then he stepped over on a teetering rock and slapped it back and forth against the water, trying to heckle me into missing my mark. But I didn't miss it. We jumped about for a while, daring each other, and then we began looking for frogs again.

The slough was probably not more than two feet deep at its center, but it covered a couple of acres or so, and my mother had warned me to stay away from it. Even if the water wasn't dangerously deep, there was a chance of getting stuck in the mud and drowning. Tall spiky reeds cast shadows so dark that the slough appeared to be bottomless, and frothy blotches of gleaming slime ringed the shores of our little hummocks like a green disease, while long ribbons of the stuff trailed through the water.

IT WAS A PLACE best suited for frogs, blackbirds, and mosquitoes, and the more clearly we saw that nothing human could prevail over such a wilderness, the more determined we became to make that wilderness yield us a trophy. Each of us must have known that the hunt was utterly hopeless. Yet we went on, leaping farther and farther into the tangle of weeds and scum, bruising our feet on hidden rocks and scratching our legs and arms against the stiff blades of the reeds. The more guilty I felt for disobeying my mother, the more I believed that capturing a frog would justify me. The more foolish our quest became, the more necessary it was to go on with it.

Hordes of red-winged blackbirds began settling in the rushes around us, and when we hopped too near a tribe of them, they would whir away before us, bold and angry. For every frog we sent splashing into the water, at least five frogs added their ventriloquy to the mounting bedlam. Mosquitoes fastened themselves on us in such exuberant numbers that the only ones we tried to brush away were those feeding upon our mouths and eyelids. And then, before it had even occurred to us to consider such remote and ordinary things as the revolving of the sun, night fell upon us and our madness.

We looked at each other in the dusk and then we looked for the shore we had left so far behind, but all we could see was the thickest of reeds around us.

The birds had gone to roost and the only sound they made was a startling rush of wings into the twilight whenever we came near their roosting places. The frogs became hideously loud; night had given them triumphant and undisputed possession of the slough. The eyes of snakes and hawks slept, and the eyes of the floundering human invaders were blurred and harmless. As soon as a hunter becomes harmless, he feels vulnerable to harm. It is part of the hunting instinct to believe that the savage balance is always maintained: those who do not hunt are hunted. And so as the din of our erstwhile quarry buffeted and surrounded us, we began to have an apprehension of retribution. The noise shaped itself into an invisible menace.

I became aware that the mud around my feet was cold. Peter must have had the same sensation, for he remembered our shoes. Our shoes! How would we ever find them? How would we ever even get back to them?

Prairie children usually have an almost infallible sense of direction, but panic and darkness confused us.

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Everything looked the same—as hopeless one way as another. We hopped aimlessly to two or three more hummocks. The darkness began to interfere with our accuracy. I mistook the green stuff lapping against a hummock for the solid earth itself and slid in to my knee in muck.

THE RELUCTANCE of that slimy mouth to give back my leg forced a female scream from me, and in that instant I became female. All day long the only thing my sex had meant was that I was inferior, but then in a flash of desperate insight I understood, for the first time in my life, the advantages that logically accrued to females if males were to deny them equality. If boys were smarter, bolder, stronger, and steadier than girls, then Peter was responsible for getting us into this mess and he was supposed to be able to get us out. It was his fault that I had not minded my mother. For once the world was all on my side.

"I don't know which way to go, Peter," I said. "Do you think we'll have to stay here all night?"

I would never have imagined that a show of female weakness could have such an effect on a male. In the society I knew, women never *showed* weakness.

"Of course not!" he declared stoutly. "Come on, let's go this way. You just jump right behind me." All right, I thought, if he gets us lost it'll just be up to him to get us found again. I felt that with him responsible I couldn't get too cold, too hungry, too tired, or too scared. It was the reward of his birthright to suffer for both of us.

And that night his reward was unenviable. *He* was the one who fell in when he thought the slime or a slippery rock was a safe hummock. Profiting by his mistakes, I managed to avoid immersing myself in green scum. Having surrendered myself to femininity, I shrieked each time he fell, but he always struggled up again, cursing in a brave masculine way, and assuring me through mouthfuls of stagnant mud that we were going to be all right.

When we finally could see the shore line, he grabbed my hand and we ran through the last few feet of water, heedless of hummocks, reeds, or slime.

"You go that way and I'll go this way," he ordered.

We started around the banks of the slough, looking for our shoes. In a few minutes I caught the dull gleam of our lunch pail, and there, unbelievably, were the shoes. By that time we had our bearings and we headed for home, running barefoot over the dewy grass because our feet were too dirty to put back into our shoes.

ABOUT a quarter of a mile from home I began to hear my father's voice echoing over the prairie, and I could tell by its direction and rhythm that he was somewhere near the house, berating my mother about something. As we came through the barnyard I heard him say, "Oh, that kid is just an irresponsible nitwit—just another town nitwit. He's probably got them lost ten miles from here." He stopped and I saw the light of a lantern flare up. "I'll hang this out in the south grove and then I'll go get Liljeqvist and round up some men."

"Here we are!" I yelled.

My parents ran toward us. "Where the Sam Hill have you been?" my father shouted furiously. "I ought to lick you with the razor strop."

But he couldn't lick me because he would have had to lick Peter, too, and he didn't dare do that.

My mother made Peter come in the house, filthy as he was, and gave him an old towel to wipe his face and arms with. Then she fed us, while my father sat fuming behind an outdated *Country Gentleman.*

We put an old blanket on the car seat so Peter wouldn't get slime all over it, and he climbed in meekly beside my father. He looked much smaller than when I was following him out of the slough, but still I could never forget that he was the one who had taken the responsibility.

I felt sorry for him, having to sit so small and dirty and sheepish in the scorching heat of my father's fury all the way to town. It was the first time I had ever felt sorry for a boy, and I began to sense that perhaps the war wasn't so much between male and female as it was between generations.

'The Khrushchev of Journalism'

GEORGE SHERMAN

SINCE Alexei I. Adzhubei, thirty-five-year-old son-in-law of Premier Khrushchev, became editor a year ago, *Izvestia* has become the most discussed paper in the Soviet Union. More than ever, diplomats in Moscow scan its pages for pointers to shifts in Soviet policy. When Khrushchev visited the United States last fall, Adzhubei was in attendance, and back home in Moscow *Izvestia* sold out first of all papers in the city's kiosks.

Izvestia has recently switched its publication time from morning to evening, and it can now collect and interpret the day's happenings for the reader before *Pravda* appears the next morning. In making this change, *Izvestia* is moving into a gap that thirteen Soviet evening newspapers previously seemed unable to fill. Soviet night reading has traditionally meant light reading; evening newspapers have concentrated more on local and personal news and less on the political tracts reserved for mornings. Adzhubei has made *Izvestia* a brighter, more lively paper. But it is also a "serious" paper—the official mouthpiece of the government.

LIKE OTHER ASPECTS of Soviet life, newspaper reading is supposed to be compartmentalized. Each newspaper is to appeal to a particular type of reader. *Pravda* ("Truth") is for the party apparatus; *Izvestia* ("News") for the state apparatus; *Trud* ("Labor") for the trade unions; *Komsomolskaya Pravda* for the Young Communist League, and so on for each of the twenty-three national papers. But the Communist Party directs each of the compartments of society, so its own mouthpiece must lead the hierarchy. It lays down the line that everyone is required to follow. No matter how sluggish or

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boring *Pravda* may be, its six-million circulation is assured.

The *Izvestia* staff seems willing to accept this fact of life. One day last fall I toured the semi-modern editorial building on Pushkin Square in Moscow with the new assistant editor, Daniel F. Kraminov (himself only recently foreign editor of *Pravda*). Like editors the world over, he said he began each day by meticulously comparing his newspaper with its rival's efforts the previous day. His next step was to ask subordinates to explain why *Izvestia* failed to carry this or that item that had appeared in *Pravda*. Of course, this was not "bourgeois competition." The two papers would never keep important stories from one another, and the editors frequently exchanged ideas over the telephone. "We cannot hope to take readers away from *Pravda*," Mr. Kraminov explained. "Anyone with position needs *Pravda*. Activists look to it for guidance."

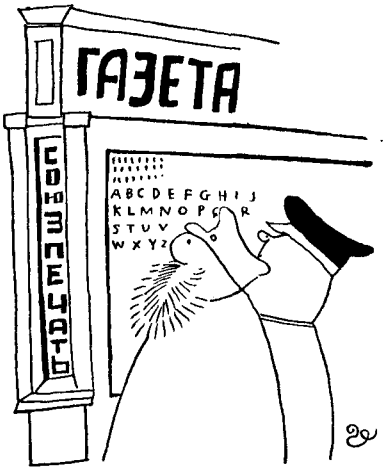
WHY the competition, then? Simply put, the Soviet circulation war is not in any sense a war to capture other newspapers' readers—it is a fight to capture those millions of Soviet adults (Kraminov put the figure at forty million) who do not regularly read *any* Soviet newspaper at all.

When mass education was new to the Soviet Union, newspaper reading—no matter how dour—was an exciting exercise in literacy. That has changed. The Soviet authorities have made the uncomfortable discovery that an educated public will not read political primers lacking both luster and variety. During Stalin's lifetime and in the years immediately following his death, dullness was the hallmark of the Soviet press. *Izvestia* itself became nothing more than a court gazette, publishing unbroken columns of bureaucratese in the form of government decrees and laws. In December, 1953, however, once Khrushchev's ascendancy in the post-Stalin order was established, the new secretary of the Communist Central Committee summoned all Moscow editors and informed them that their newspapers must become livelier and more individualistic. Party propaganda could succeed only if stodginess were wiped from the newspaper page. Henceforth, editors were to work out more of their own sales techniques.

Alexei Adzhubei has proved the chief disciple of the new order. In the words of a young journalist I met in Moscow, "Adzhubei is the Khrushchev of journalism. He is like a fresh wind blowing through the pages of our press."

THE WESTERN READER finds it difficult to understand this ecstasy. Adzhubei is certainly not a "revisionist"; like any other Soviet editor, he is wholeheartedly committed to propagating the views of a select clique of politicians. He is strident, even vindictive, and quite capable of distorting the truth—as, for instance, in reports about his two trips to the United States (the first was with a delegation of Soviet journalists in 1955-1956).

The real "Adzhubei revolution" is in style, not in orientation. His recipe for success: propaganda can be palatable. For the Soviet reader, it *is* a revolution. Adzhubei can write and he can edit. Alone among leading Soviet editors, he is a trained



journalist, not a political watchdog appointed to keep tabs on subordinate journalists. He blatantly uses technique to capture the reader's interest, and variety to hold it.

Adzhubei first made his name on *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, the youth paper. He landed an ordinary desk job after graduation from the Moscow University faculty of journalism after the war. In 1954 he married Rada Khrushcheva. That began his meteoric career. He rose to department head on the paper, then to deputy editor, and finally in 1957 he became editor-in-chief. The hand of his father-in-law may have opened doors, but once inside young Adzhubei proved his mettle.

In two years, the circulation of *Komsomolskaya Pravda* doubled—from a million and a half to three million, the second largest in the Soviet Union. The exposé and the scoop suddenly hit the Soviet press. *Komsomolskaya* exposed corruption in sports and reported the story of a geologist who glimpsed the Abominable Snowman in mountainous Central Asia. Good cartoons and pictures began to enliven the pages. Readers' letters and short stories on such human themes as love won and love lost brought in the readers.

On June 3, 1959, Adzhubei became editor-in-chief of *Izvestia*. Here was an immeasurably harder nut to crack. As old as the régime itself, the paper was hidebound with tradition and second only to *Pravda* in prestige. Its prime responsibility was and is to chronicle all governmental announcements.

No abridgment for the sake of readability is allowed. Dull decrees have covered seventy-five per cent of *Izvestia's* four pages; according to Mr. Kraminov, when the Supreme Soviet meets—which happens frequently under Khrushchev—that figure rises to ninety-five per cent. Speeches, debates, draft laws, final laws—everything—must appear in *Izvestia* verbatim.

DESPITE these severe limitations, Adzhubei has livened up the paper considerably. He almost doubled the size of the *Izvestia* insignia on the masthead of the front page. Dreary uniform columns of print disappeared, to be replaced by columns with as many as ten different sizes of type—some light, some dark—to catch the reader's eye. Different-sized headlines, some of them with a distinctly brisk bourgeois flavor, began to spread across the page. Just to remind the reader that *Izvestia* does mean "news," short news items and a special column, "News in Brief" from home and abroad, set off the mass of official documentation. Pictures and cartoons often appear two or three to a page. *Izvestia's* circulation is already said to be over the

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two-million mark; according to Mr. Kraminov, it is shooting for three million.

Adzhubei's real ace of trumps is his deployment of features on the inside pages. In January he inaugurated a weekly Sunday supplement, a magazine section carrying fiction, cartoons, pictures, and brief social satire on "acceptable" themes. It is also another outlet for publishing readers' letters, a feature Adzhubei began on *Komsomolskaya Pravda* and developed on *Izvestia*.

His use of these letters to the editor may prove to be his greatest contribution to Soviet journalistic crusades of the future. More than any other Soviet editor, Adzhubei has revealed the human content of the Soviet system. The printed letters are both political and nonpolitical. They reveal local malfeasance by Soviet officialdom and the problems of lonelyhearts.

Mr. Kraminov told me that letters to the editor arrived generally at a rate of 150 a day. By last January 14, *Izvestia* reported that the figure had risen to 486. The letters department is the largest in the paper; fifteen people work there, as compared to six or seven in each of the other eleven editorial departments. Letters are sorted, catalogued, and then passed along "for investigation" to the department concerned—for example, agriculture, literature and the arts, or industry.

The political letters pose the greatest problem. They may criticize specific actions but never the general line of the party or its leadership. Directed criticism is supposed to improve the implementation of that line. Mistakes are exposed, but the "wrong" conclusions are never drawn —at least in print.

MR. KRAMINOV would deny what every Soviet newspaper reader has discovered: that Adzhubei can take far more risks than other editors dare. Every editor must decide where he can safely strike in the hierarchy and still survive. Adzhubei's decisions cause him less worry. He has direct access to the "boss"—he literally shares the Khrushchev breakfast table.

On the other hand, Adzhubei's free-swinging approach has hazards as well as advantages. The party su-

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pervisors can never be quite sure where variety of style ends and unorthodox content begins. Even Khrushchev's patronage has not saved Adzhubei from stern warnings.

A case in point is the crackdown following the Hungarian revolt in 1956. Khrushchev did not have to look far to find parallels between the revolutionary Hungarian writers and journalists and what was happening right under his own nose at home. His shattering revelations about Stalin before the Twentieth Party Congress the previous February had led to a ferment of uncontrolled criticism. So quickly had orthodoxy changed to unorthodoxy —and vice versa—that no one knew the "proper" line; the Soviet press was in dire danger of losing its monolithic voice.

Khrushchev moved fast. He drew the controls tight, and the press launched a full-scale attack on "ideological revisionism." In 1957 he sharply warned editors that originality for its own sake has no place in the Soviet system. The press must serve one master, and one master only. "We cannot place the press in unreliable hands," he thundered. In 1958 the Central Committee followed suit with a decree attacking "sensationalism" in *Komsomolskaya Pravda* (editor, Adzhubei).

The storm passed in a few months and Adzhubei emerged unscathed. He dutifully joined the "anti-revisionist" campaign, but the "sensationalism" also continued. So far he has successfully adapted it to *Izvestia,* and other papers are copying the same techniques.

For the past two years the bonds of party control over the press have been gradually loosened again. This has led to more diversity and competition. It also demands greater ingenuity at the top to keep all the papers in line. The drive for more readers and better style must not dilute the Communist gospel.

The Soviet reader has benefited from even so small a change. Competition for larger circulation has brought more news and flashes of truth to the Soviet press than ever before. *Izvestia's* rocketing circulation and Editor Adzhubei's resourcefulness must be giving even *Pravda* and its sponsors food for thought.

RECORD NOTES

Beethoven: Wellington's Victory. Morton Gould and "His Orchestra." (*RCA Victor;* stereo.)

Nobody has yet credited Napoleon with the proliferation of record sales in the past decade, but the man surely deserves some acknowledgment. Had he not invaded Russia in 1812 and inspired Tchaikovsky to compose an orchestral showpiece about the occasion, the record industry today would be decidedly poorer. The *1812 Overture,* complete with genuine cannon and church bells, has been by far the best-selling classical work of the high-fidelity era. Every major company has profited handsomely from it, particularly Mercury (Dorati and the Minneapolis Symphony) and RCA Victor (Morton Gould and "His Orchestra").

Now another Napoleon-motivated battle piece is making a bid for best-sellerdom. It is Beethoven's Opus 91, *Wellington's Victory* (sometimes known as the "Battle Symphony"), celebrating the Battle of Vittoria (June 21, 1813), which decisively broke Napoleon's power in Spain. Beethoven wrote it to make money, and he succeeded masterfully. *Wellington's Victory* caused a sensation in Vienna during the winter of 1813-1814, convinced the multitude of Beethoven's greatness, and soon was performed throughout Europe. Even discriminating listeners were impressed by its obvious clichés. The composer, one can be certain, was impressed primarily by its lucrative dividends.

The piece might have been written for stereo recording. It opens with the English army on the left, marching in to "Rule Britannia." Then the French army files in on the right; its theme song is *"Malbrouk s'en va-t-en guerre."* The battle starts, and there is much cannonading and shooting of musketry on both sides. At length the French retreat, leaving the English in command of the field. Beethoven then proceeds to a long symphonic peroration with plentiful thematic references to "God Save the King."

As music it is pretty awful, but as sonic display it is good fun. RCA has provided properly spectacular engineering, though loud climaxes tend to get muddied. The disc also contains Ferde Grofé's *Grand Canyon Suite,* another meretricious but effective work.

Franck: Sonata in A Major. Yehudi Menuhin, violin; Hephzibah Menuhin, piano. (*Capitol;* mono or stereo.)

Yehudi Menuhin is an unpredictable artist, but catch him at the right moment and he will provide music-making of rare fervency and penetration. The recording microphones have recently eavesdropped on Menuhin at several right moments. A few months ago Capitol issued a splendid collation of Bach—the Violin Concertos in A minor and E major, plus the Double Concerto in D minor—in which Menuhin not only plays the solos (joined by Christian Ferras in the Double Concerto) but also conducts. These performances are all lithe, virile, technically secure. Now Capitol has issued another Menuhin disc that is equally good.

His associate in the Franck Sonata (and in the Brahms D minor Sonata overside) is sister Hephzibah, who often recorded with her brother in their prodigy days and now is getting back into musical circulation after a long hiatus. Theirs is a loving collaboration, and its warmth makes Franck's faded music glow and sparkle. The execution is not always impeccable: Menuhin's vibrato occasionally grows excessive and his intonation is at times a trifle shaky. But in this instance the violinist could with full justice quote Oscar Wilde's classic defense: "I don't play accurately—anyone can play accurately—but I play with wonderful expression."

The stereo recording is satisfactory until the last movement, which is afflicted with wiry distortion.

Schumann: Piano Concerto. Van Cliburn, piano; Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Fritz Reiner, cond. (*RCA Victor;* mono or stereo.)

In the spring of 1958, immediately on returning from his prize-winning trip to Moscow, Van Cliburn made a studio recording of the Tchaikovsky Concerto No. 1 and gave a concert that yielded an actual-perform-

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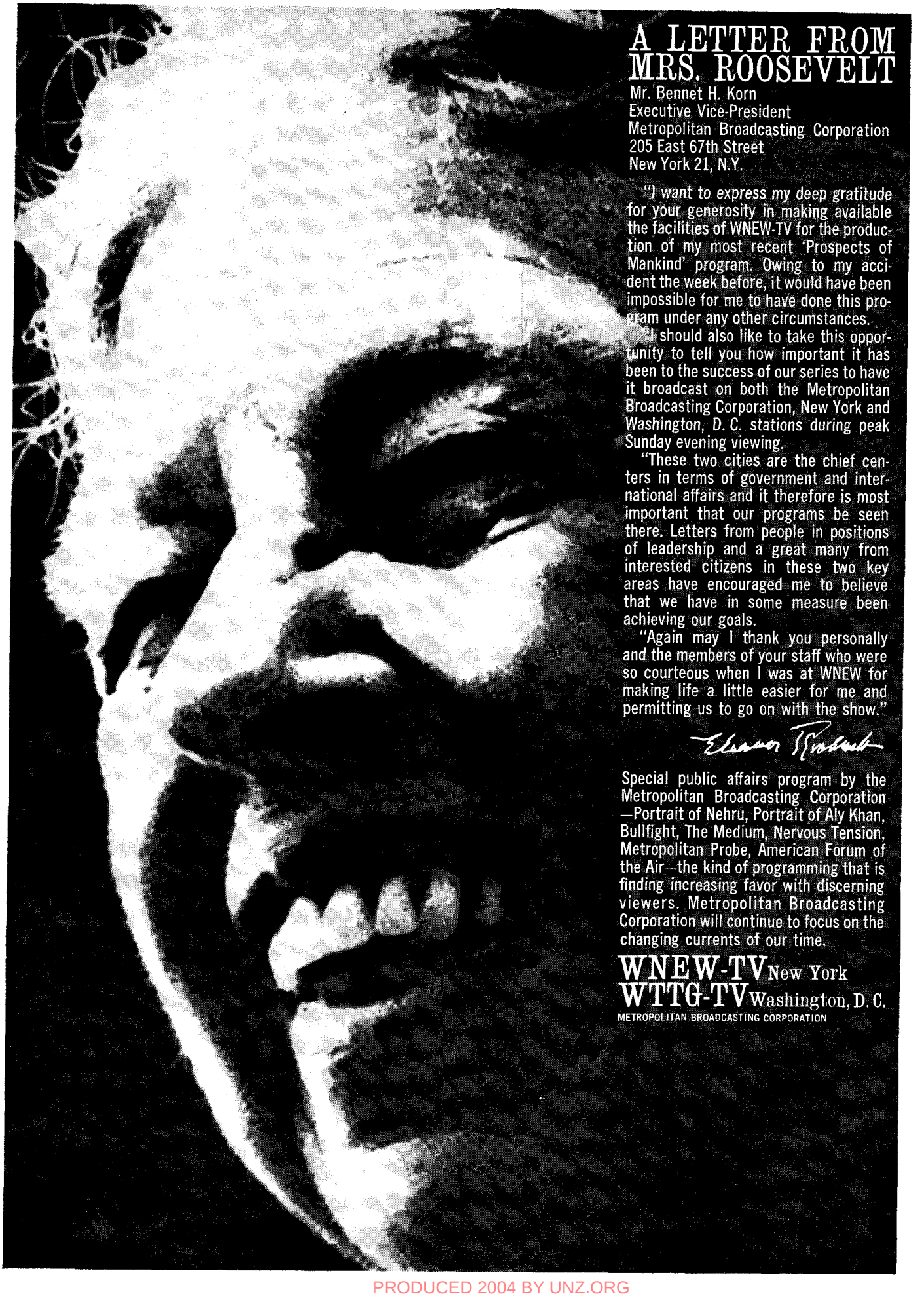

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Mr. Bennet H. Korn
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ance recording of the Rachmaninoff Concerto No. 3. The discs were rushed to market to capitalize on the pianist's sudden fame. Thereafter, phonographic silence. Cliburn did not grow shy of the microphone. He participated, indeed, in several costly recording sessions, but none produced results that satisfied him. A few months ago he recorded the Schumann Concerto in Chicago (after a previous stillborn attempt in Boston), and this time he consented to affix the Cliburn seal of approval.

The performance will not disappoint his admirers. It is big, dramatic, technically brilliant, unquestionably exciting—a young man's Schumann, bursting with energy and high spirits. The pianist's bright, coppery tone is much in evidence, and the accompaniment by Reiner and his virtuosic orchestra is beyond compare. The recorded competition, however, is formidable. Those who favor a more poetic interpretation of the Schumann Concerto may prefer Sviatoslav Richter's new recording (Deutsche Grammophon) or the older ones by Dinu Lipatti (Columbia) and Alfred Cortot (HMV).

WAGNER: TRISTAN—LOVE DUET, ACT II. Astrid Varnay, soprano; Wolfgang Windgassen, tenor; Bamberg Symphony, Ferdinand Leitner, cond. (*Deutsche Grammophon;* mono or stereo.)

To derive any pleasure from a contemporary *Heldentenor* one must begin by forgetting Lauritz Melchior, whose Cyclopean power and heroic timbre seem to have been strictly *sui generis*. Having wiped memory clean, one can appreciate Wolfgang Windgassen, a very different but by no means inconsiderable artist. This recording of the complete Love Duet from *Tristan* shows him in persuasive form. The quality of his voice is sometimes startlingly reminiscent of John McCormack, and so is the carefully etched precision with which he can spin a long, soft phrase. Windgassen's Tristan is quieter, more reflective and urbane than Melchior's, but the conception has its own validity and beauty. Unfortunately, the Bamberg Symphony fails to do justice to Wagner's rich orchestration, and Astrid Varnay is at best an acceptable Isolde.

—ROLAND GELATT

BOOKS

Facing It

ALFRED KAZIN

THE BIG WARD, by Jacoba Van Velde. Translated from the Dutch. *Simon and Schuster. $3.*

Last year there was published in this country a remarkably brilliant novel, Muriel Spark's *Memento Mori,* whose highly original and unexpectedly funny characters are all in their seventies and eighties. Each of them is frequently called to the telephone to hear a voice—in each case a different voice—saying, "Remember you must die." They go to the police, but already a few of them realize that the caller is not a sadistic prankster but Death, who evokes a different picture of himself in each of the calls.

The very old are very much with us just now. People live longer, and even in extreme debility they are kept alive. A longer life is felt by everyone as a real possibility—and why not, since the better life for all seems just around the corner? Imagine missing Utopia after we have waited so long! Yet at the same time so many millions have been done violence to, so many millions have been put to death, so many have to live every day with the sense of possible world catastrophe, that we have all, so to speak, come to live on the brink. Our rationalistic thinking about everything forces us, when we predict so much else, to be constantly aware of our future. And if you add to the general anxiety the profound skepticism that the scientific revolution has planted even in the minds of people who think of themselves as believers, you come up with an extraordinarily large number of human beings having to think about death. And it may be that more of us now view death in lonely stoicism and with conscious bitterness about the end than, on such a scale, human beings have previously had to do.

It is these peculiarly contemporary feelings that seem to me the essential background of Jacoba Van Velde's very honest and moving novel about an old Dutch lady dying in a "home." The most striking thing about the book is its studied bleakness. It is hard to believe that in less disillusioned times a novel could concentrate so narrowly, so devastatingly, on death. Miss Van Velde, who lives in Paris, has surely been influenced by those French writers who have confused their civic hopelessness with "the human condition" in general. The Dutch themselves, like everyone else in Europe between 1939 and 1945, saw so many betrayals that in reading Miss Van Velde's novel, I often asked myself whether her deliberately gray and toneless description of human weakness reflects powerlessness before death so much as it does a general disgust with the state.

THE MOST IMPRESSIVE single scene in the book occurs when a government welfare worker calls upon the old lady's daughter, who is married to a young artist in Paris. The official explains that whenever patients in the home cannot pay for their entire care, the children are obliged to pay the difference. " 'And supposing the children don't earn much?' I asked. 'Then they pay pro rata. We have cases where they only pay one guilder a week.' 'If these people have to pay so little,' I said, 'perhaps a guilder means a lot to them.' 'Yes,' he said, 'we sometimes have great difficulty in getting it out of them. It involves a lot of administrative work.' " The very tone of this insertion in the narrative is pure Kafka, as is the fact that since the daughter cannot pay anything, the state sells the old lady's furniture. The state does not need the pittance the furniture will bring, but keeping the old lady alive demands that it get something back as a matter of form. In the same way, keeping people alive becomes a matter of form. The routine is always impersonal, and the individual patient has no more *reason* to complain against the administrative setup than she has

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against the logic of circumstances that has brought her there. If patients are awakened at 5:30 every morning, that is because the night staff goes off duty at that hour. If the toilet door no longer has a lock, that is because a lady once died there after she had locked herself in.

This is the peculiar pitilessness of the situation: since there is nothing logically wrong in any of this, not even in the state's selling a few sticks of furniture, there is nothing, in logic, to complain of. The situation of the very old in the modern welfare state reminds me of the Russians who confessed in the Moscow Trials to crimes they could not have committed. Since they had been argued into accepting the trials as necessary to the party and the state, they logically had to pretend to their guilt. Once you agree to the premises of these larger powers, you must agree to their conclusions, even if it means assenting to your execution.

So it is with death in *The Big Ward*. The old lady has no *reason* to see her life any differently from the value placed on it by the people around her. She has always been peculiarly meek, and since the death of her husband she has felt more than usually powerless. Her daughter, who has far more spirit and has always raged against her mother's softness and gentleness, nevertheless has no more hope than her mother does. "Human beings are so terribly alone, my darling Mummy. Most of them don't realize it. Only occasionally do they have an inkling of it when they are in great distress, and neither man nor reason can help. But they usually forget it again, and perhaps that's for the best. For how could we go on living if we all recognized our loneliness and the awfulness of our condition? Would we not all become panic-stricken, like people in a concentration camp?"

No wonder that the mother places herself "in the black tunnel whose end I could not see . . . Is there nothing left to help me? No, I am all alone. No human being can do anything more for me." The daughter, though she does not realize it, cannot give her mother the slightest hint of an alternative. The mother, in the "big ward" that is our society, is surrounded by people not one of whom can offer her a crumb of faith, of hope, even of personal love; so mild and meek, she is not likely to disagree with anyone around her.

This, it seems, is the last horror of the lonely crowd—that we should be argued into hopelessness for lack of the mental independence, the courageous idiosyncrasy, with which to see human destiny any differently. We are all joined to each other these days by an infinitely shallow common sense. We agree about so many of the main issues of life and death that it must be hard, especially when we are weakened by age, to court unpopularity by disagreeing with most of our contemporaries in the big ward where we have to live. Miss Van Velde's old lady is obviously a symbol of the frail, vulnerable, essentially disbelieving human being in our time who has no resource against the state, loneliness, death. I found her infinitely touching, and the book itself is immaculately and intelligently done. Yet it is not so much a novel as a performance—a brilliant but perhaps too artfully detached performance. Like so many purely sophisticated performances, it is too aware of the mistakes it doesn't commit to engage the subject at an unexpected level. *The Big Ward* is a performance because there are really no people in it, just symbols of our condition. We are not symbols; we are flesh and blood, and what we feel most about our condition, we do not always know and cannot easily say. Each one hears differently the voice of Death. What makes Muriel Spark's *Memento Mori* so remarkable is that she follows the difference into each of the people themselves, and so shows some of them preserving in the face of death a quality of faith, and even of humor, that encourages us.

Back to the Bitter Village

GEORGE STEINER

Fontamara, by Ignazio Silone. A new version translated by Harvey Fergusson II, with a foreword by Malcolm Cowley. *Atheneum. $4.*

Silone has done something fascinating and unusual. Many novelists have let their unpublished works ripen in a drawer, and Henry James was notorious for reissuing earli-

er novels with important stylistic changes. But Silone has gone further: he has actually rewritten *Fontamara,* his famous parable of political oppression.

The book was written in 1930; Mussolini was in power and Silone was a desperate exile, suffering from broken health. In Fascist Italy there was no possibility of publication and *Fontamara* appeared abroad as one of the earliest in a series of classics of banishment which includes *Dr. Faustus* and *Zhivago*. Fifteen years after the original version had appeared, Silone was back in Rome preparing the first Italian edition. As he reread his own work, he felt that he could no longer stand by its original form. It was not so much that political or social facts had altered and rendered it obsolete; the changes had come to pass inside Silone himself. The story of the bitter village had continued to grow within him like a branching tree. The focus was no longer the same, so he set to work and "painted the picture all over again from top to bottom, using the old canvas and frame."

Anyone who read *Fontamara* during the Fascist years (and it was at the time one of the few available manuals of moral courage) will recall the plain, savage tale. Fontamara is one of the countless burnt-out villages in southern Italy; the sun bakes the earth dry and the sudden rains tear it away, leaving barren scars. The sole legacy the farmers know is the injustice of the weather, swift and sporadic, or the

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slower, more grinding injustice of the absentee landlords who own the water and the fertile ground in the valley. The order of the world is cruel, absurd, and immutable:

God is at the head of everything. . . .
Then comes Prince Torlonia, ruler of the earth.
Then come his guards.
Then come his guards' dogs.
Then nothing.
Then more nothing.
Then still more nothing.
Then come the peasants.
That's all.

This litany of oppression rules the lives in Fontamara. But somehow the peasants have hung on in a kind of lean, bitter freedom.

But now something new enters the archaic cycle of their miseries, and it is something more sinister and destructive than either drought or flood. The Trader has come, the smooth cold man who buys up rotten land, diverts the water from its millennial course, and turns the earth into gold. And behind him, like obscene locusts, are the young scum in the black shirts. Silone's account of them remains a classic:

"They looked a little like peasants, but landless ones, the peasants who enter the service of the landlords, earning little and living mostly from thievery and on jail food. Some of them, we learned later, were small-time merchants (the ones you see in the markets), dishwashers, barbers, private coachmen and wandering musicians. . . . They were humble and obsequious when you met them on the street during the day. When they formed in groups during the night, they were wicked and treacherous. They have always been in the service of whoever gives the orders, and they always will be. But now they had their own army with its own uniform and its own guns. These were the so-called Fascists." They come to Fontamara to rape and kill in the name of national grandeur and technological process. By the time the morality play ends, Berardo, the natural leader of the village and the ancient ways, has been tortured to death in a Fascist jail and Fontamara itself is being destroyed in a hopeless insurrection.

To what extent has Silone al-

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tered the original version? The story retains its essential shape and the beginning and the end are as they were before. But in many places, Silone has cut to the naked bone. He has omitted much of the economic and social information that gave the first *Fontamara* its documentary character. More significantly, he has dropped a number of marginal episodes and folk tales that surrounded the allegory in the manner of medieval fabliaux. We no longer find the fable of Roscetta, the amorous she-goat, or the long, brilliant narrative of Peppino Goriano, the ex-pimp who rises to heroic eminence under Facism. As a result of these omissions, the novel loses some of its sap; it no longer has about it that strong savor of a particular earth. Rendered more spare and schematic, *Fontamara* is no longer a chronicle of Italian peasant life in a specific hour of torment; it is a kind of universal allegory of totalitarian rule. From a strictly literary point of view, these changes are not altogether to the good. The bias toward abstraction, already latent in the 1930 text, is pushed yet further. At times, the book reads more like a scenario than a complete novel. But it is not in literary effects that Silone is primarily interested. Like Camus, Silone seems to regard the act of fiction with a certain austere distrust. He is a moralist using the novel mainly because imaginary situations can be rendered more universal than accounts of particular truths.

THE NEW *Fontamara* differs from the old in one other major way. The focus of narrative has shifted from the village, as a collective being, to the individual fate of Berardo. It is his education to political awareness and his heroic death that now form the center of the story. Behind this change lies the principal fact in Silone's own development. When he first wrote the book, he was feeling his way toward a kind of semi-agrarian Marxism. He sought to suggest at the close of the novel that Fascism might be overthrown if the politically aroused proletariat would join with the peasants in common action. Such action would find its authentic leaders among the cadres of the Communist Party. But the hero would be the collective group, not the private person. Today, Silone knows that the lines of battle are more tragic and complex. The Marxist hope no longer burns bright on the horizon. If there is any program in the revised *Fontamara,* it is one of stoicism. The best men can do in the face of universal injustice and in an age without a coherent liberal ideology is to live out their lives in private decency and public courage. Perhaps there is, at the far edge of the vision, a pale glimmer of Christianity. In a shrewd preface, Malcolm Cowley suggests that the relations between Berardo and the Solitary Stranger mirror those of John the Baptist and Christ. But the redemptive light, if any, is extremely faint. Here and now there is blackness and there are no certain answers. *Fontamara* closes on a query that echoes the title of a famous essay by Lenin:

"After so much suffering, so many tears, and so many wounds, so much hate, injustice, and desperation—*what can we do?*"

WHEN FIRST set down, this echo was no doubt one of hope; today it is merely ironic. That, in short, is the history of Silone's own beliefs and of *Fontamara.* Lenin answered the question but his reply has turned to ashes in our mouths. And by passing from a certain measure of grim hope to a kind of stoic decency, Silone bears witness to the drama of modern liberalism. *Fontamara,* which once dealt with the politics of the hour, bears now on what Coleridge called "the politics of eternity."

Macke the Knife

JOHN SIMON

AUGUST MACKE: TUNISIAN WATERCOLORS AND DRAWINGS, by **Paul Klee** *et al.* ***Harry N. Abrams, Inc. $17.50.***

For many people expressionist painting means violence, if not downright crudity. Without being able to distinguish one expressionist from another, they tend to summon up a synthetic archetype compounded of the worst excesses of the school; they then attach to it, more or less unjustly, such names as Vasili Kandinsky, Edvard Munch, Oskar Kokoschka, George Grosz, James Ensor, and above all, Max Beckmann, and the chimera is rampant.

In reality, however, expressionism has produced some tender and graceful paintings, in which inventiveness, elegance, and passion are justly united. It subsumes the lyrical animals of Franz Marc, the incandescent flowers of Emil Nolde, Paul Klee's quizzical illuminations, Kokoschka's quintessential views of cities, and the sidewalk pastorals of August Macke, a painter who is just now beginning to receive the attention he deserves for having seen Arcadia in the sardine boxes we live in.

In April, 1914, three painter friends went off to Tunis for a fortnight. One was Louis Moilliet, who had been, and was to remain, promising. Another was Klee, the diarist of the journey, who was to become one of our foremost painters. The third was Macke, whose already excellent work started out along still more original paths in Tunis. What this might have led to we shall not know; he was killed in the war that same year at the age of twenty-seven.

Before Tunisia, Macke's work consisted chiefly of brilliant portrayals of German society in the era preceding the First World War. It is not altogether different from that of other members of the *Blaue Reiter* group, like Ernst Kirchner or Nolde, except that it is finer. For in Macke alone lyricism and wit were perfectly blended; delicately poised, like those people on bridges he liked to paint, his laughter never turned into a grimace, and his beaming colors never became glaring or merely ornamental.

In Tunisia, between April 7 and 22, 1914, Macke brought forth a welter of works, all dazzling and many beautiful; some of the best of these now appear in this handsome volume. Not only are format, bind-

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ing, choice of papers, typography, spacing unerringly good, but we are treated to a novel idea: the irreproachable reproductions, all in color, slide out from behind black or white borders and can be mounted in slip-in frames that are provided.

The book has one weakness: the critical commentaries range from pretentious to pedestrian, and there is no clear and full account of Macke's life and work. Even so major an event as his rejection of Kandinsky's abracadabra is barely mentioned; his relationships to Cézanne, Matisse, and Robert Delaunay are sketched in rather faintly; and the image of Macke himself is lopped off as much by pseudometaphysical verbiage as his life was by a gun.

But we are given two valuable texts. One is Macke's maxims on art and life. He writes with an engaging, naïve forthrightness that is an antidote to the cant and jargon into which many painters and art critics have leapt—not just fallen. The other text is that of Klee's journal of the trip, with which the reproductions are interfoliated, providing a brisk obbligato to the pictures.

I WANT TO DWELL on two masterpieces of this collection: "Rocky Landscape" and "Gully." "Rocky Landscape" is an ingenuous and delectable *entente cordiale* of numerous seeming irreconcilables. In the background are extremely geometric, indeed pyramidal rock formations, and their mildly cubist treatment and rich reddish browns allude to the later Cézanne. At the upper left there are some rather flat ornamental cactuses of dark, improbable brown, and on the lower right there is a rectangular area (framed by an elevated road running toward the center of the picture but turning suddenly right) furbished with aggressive patches of color, among them an intense, unlikely green embraced by fanciful violet shadows. These are the picture's *fauve* elements. The central interest is formed by two somewhat obese obelisks—the gateway to the tomb of a Moslem saint, whose cupolas, zebraed by light and shade, stretch toward the right. Slightly to the left but far above the gateway, there is a glittering Moorish castle on which sun and shadow produce dazzling contrasts of white and navy;

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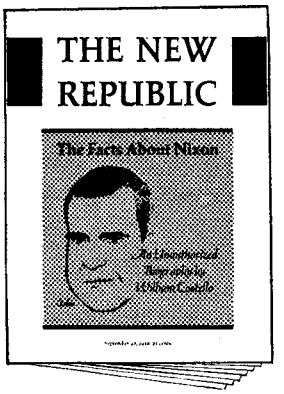

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below, on the obelisks, the contrasts are infinitely gentler—between powder blue and lemon and canary yellow. The little bit of white and the small patches of yellow seem to conduct a spirited dialogue across and above a variety of massed browns, blues, and greens.

THERE IS something of the exquisiteness of late impressionism about this. But there is something even more remarkable in a large area of the lower left, where a series of rocks become translucent ghosts of themselves (diaphanous blues, pinks, oranges), as if they were viewed through plate glass and the play of reflections on it. We have something of Delaunay's window paintings: a glorious defenestration of the eye. What a convocation! Cézanne, Matisse, Monet, and Delaunay seem to meet around a dark green area in the middle as around a card table. But Macke the Knife fleeces them all. It is, however, less theft than borrowing for the sake of a warmly original synthesis.

"Gully," on the other hand, is pure Macke. Toward the bottom of a ravine there come—nuzzling, lapping, snakily coiling—triangles of all sorts: equilateral, isosceles, scalene, some perfect, some truncated, lopsided, dented, twisted, but all converging on that ravine bottom. You feel nothing but browns and greens: though actually there are bits of orange, pink, rose madder, and even blue interspersed, still it seems to be a vast contest of greens and browns. The whole thing has a peculiarly polypous, arachnoid life. Everything hurtles into this gully, and the pallid sky, broken up into three differently colored triangles, wanly echoes the combat. Yet the abstract forms become wholly objective, representational. Only the greatest painters can make such opposites merge.

Like Fauré in music and Hofmannsthal in poetry, Macke had daring and restraint, vitality and finesse; he was a painter who was never very far wrong and often quietly, devastatingly right.

The Bridge Is Out

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

MAN: THE BRIDGE BETWEEN TWO WORLDS, by Franz E. Winkler, M.D. *Harper. $5.*

The theme of Dr. Winkler's book is that man, suspended—drawn and quartered—between a prehistoric, constant, and never-to-be-eliminated longing for transcendental spiritual absorption in the divine and an equally ageless passion to become the lord of matter, is now, more than ever, exposed to the process that George Meredith describes in his *Modern Love:* "Mind mastering clay, gross clay invades it." The theme, and any sentence that recapitulates it, is portentously abstract; but Dr. Winkler, who seeks to restore and excite man's long-neglected capacity for intuition, illuminates his refreshing book with bright flashes of intuitive imagery. He does not plod the formal avenues of easy disdain for what we are; happily he seems never to have heard of Madison Avenue; he utters no facile diatribe against suburbia; he preaches no easy sermons revealing the sedative advantage of religion over Miltown; his is not the acceptable conformism of nonconformism. He is concerned with our heritage and what we have done with it—with our emergence from the Garden of Eden, from that innocence which haunts every civilization everywhere, into the privilege and challenge of free choice. He does not distinguish the adventure of modern man from that of the most remote of his ancestors. Mankind is one life.

THERE IS NO modern writer who does not pay lip service to this vague, amorphous heritage: the Egyptians, we say, did something about astronomy; still earlier peoples invented writing; the Greeks were philosophers and sculptors; the Hebrews were monotheists—as if that meant anything to us now; we prattle about our Judeo-Christian origins. But when we stand in a

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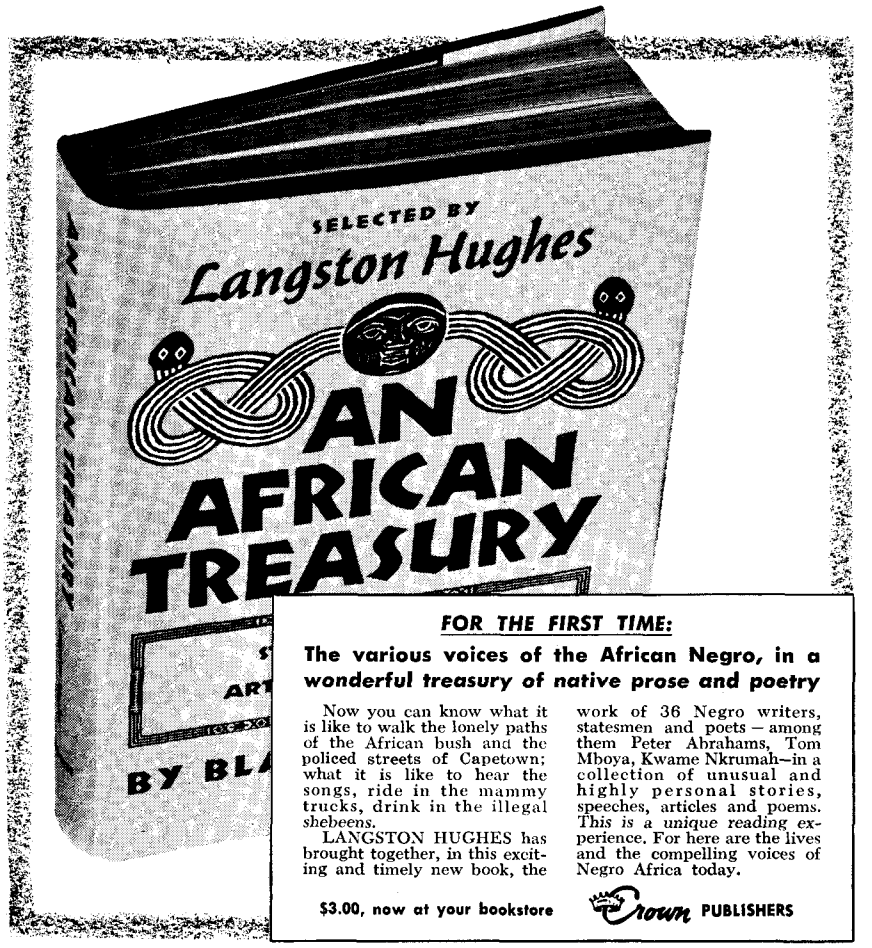
museum before the little boat that carried the dead Egyptian to another world, or when we deny that the bull or the swan could have seduced Europa or Leda, or when we conjure up the Tower of Babel, we imagine ourselves confronted with symbols and with ingenious inanity we explain them in terms of prenatal darkness opening up to postnatal sex. If these symbols were informed with no more than such sterile and specialized interest, it would be difficult to understand how it came about that "It was antiquity, not the modern age, which conceived of most of the great ideals and spiritual values that support the free world to our day."

Dr. Winkler would probably not object if hallucinated Greek priestesses issued forth from snake-filled caverns to take up residence close to the laboratories of M.I.T., or if on Cape Canaveral one discovered a group of medieval alchemists and astrologers busying themselves with the elixir of life. Such intruders on our times would remind us, as they reminded our forebears, that the stars were not without purpose named after gods, and that close to pure science there must coexist the science—the knowledge—of our mysterious destiny. The ancients had this duality always in mind and for a period they achieved a sense of balance and serenity: Christianity bridged the two worlds with love. In the early years, "love and compassion for a suffering god reached its height. It was then realized that the ordeal of Christ was far more than the nailing of his earthly body to a cross. Had not thousands suffered the same, and worse? His true agony was his sharing in all the pain of the world."

THE BALANCE and the bridge are lost. In Dr. Winkler's intuitive and wise judgment, only this threefold truth can restore them: "the confidence that somewhere within the reach of our senses is a world of objective material existence, that somewhere within the reach of our inner groping lies an intangible but real world of truth, and that they are reflected in the mirror of a really existing self, is indispensable to human nature. They are the three dimensions of reality."



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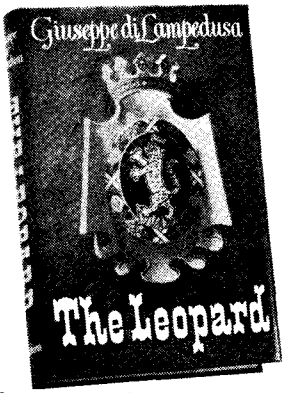

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THE REPORTER Puzzle 13

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person.

A
19 205 49 121 151 61 191
Acrostician's wartime job (Abbr.)

B
175 35 51 137 101 221
"For as in theatres of crowded men/_____ increases more they call out, 'Hush!'" Keats, Hyperion, Bk. 1

C
135 107 125 99 143 173 201 115
Designer of U.S.S. Monitor.

D
13 55 105 129 75 195
Hastily effected.

E
167 85 39 65 ... 131 155 29 127
"From his watch-tower in the skies,/_____ the dappled _____ doth rise." Milton, L'Allegro. (4, 4)

F
21 161 111 169 103 157 9
To bring a rifle to the shoulder or to splay a horse. (Fr.)

G
73 69 153 217 33
To recuperate, revive.

H
5 215 53 31 179 113
Fended.

I
95 45 223 11 163 109
Describing word C, for example.

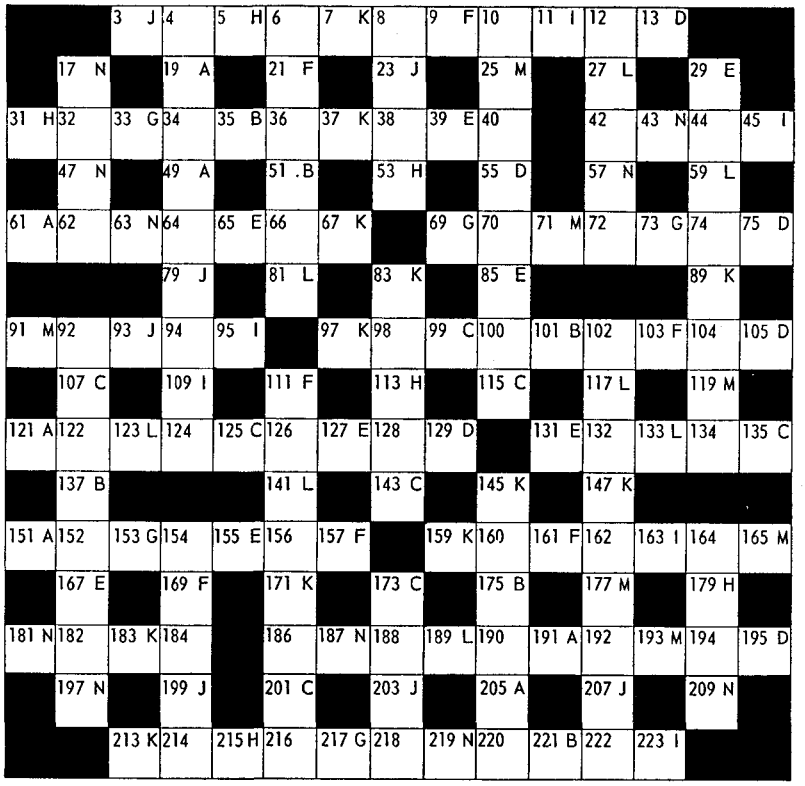
J
207 3 79 93 203 23 199
Denizens.

K
145 171 37 67 183 147 213 89 83 97 159 7
Ovation of many (4, 8)

L
141 27 117 123 81 133 189 59
A chamber of alternate pulsations of high and low pressure. (4, 4)

M
165 119 177 71 91 193 25
A proteolytic enzyme of the pancreas.

N
181 63 17 209 219 43 47 187 57 197
Bands of animals. (5, 5)



Across

3. Let the swineherd be a southern island group. (3, 8)
31. Use fly door for popular activity (sometimes with it). (2, 8)
42. State heard high in naughts.
61. Lear as a circle of color.
69. Jasper George Smith makes a French vegetable.
91. A spin where Toledo is.
97. Clue Pound in when train is broken up.
121. Six hundred sing one song when committed.
131. Syrian half thousand, sure!
151. Apple at a feeling.
159. This sop is not for Judas but for a specious arguer.
181. Realize all that holds enthusiasm.
186. Sicilian train in car.
213. Duty post of Acrostician (5, 6)

Down

4. Does Durante finance with a comic nose?
6. Cherubim and angels with no Camus ending of plant treatise.
8. Malt in bee rack or hive.
10. UN is finished? No, I shed salt in the wound.
12. Wash away Rod in ease.
17. A tattered robe on a South African.
29. Not wriggles but doers of the same.
83. Danes make heights in South America.
92. Bar poets from will execution!
102. Water fowl takes toe out of Ohio property.
111. A confused operatic prince holds lace making, the Shaker!
145. I harm nothing with fabric.
154. Beat you spell shortly.
164. Burn in oversea resort.
173. Since this.

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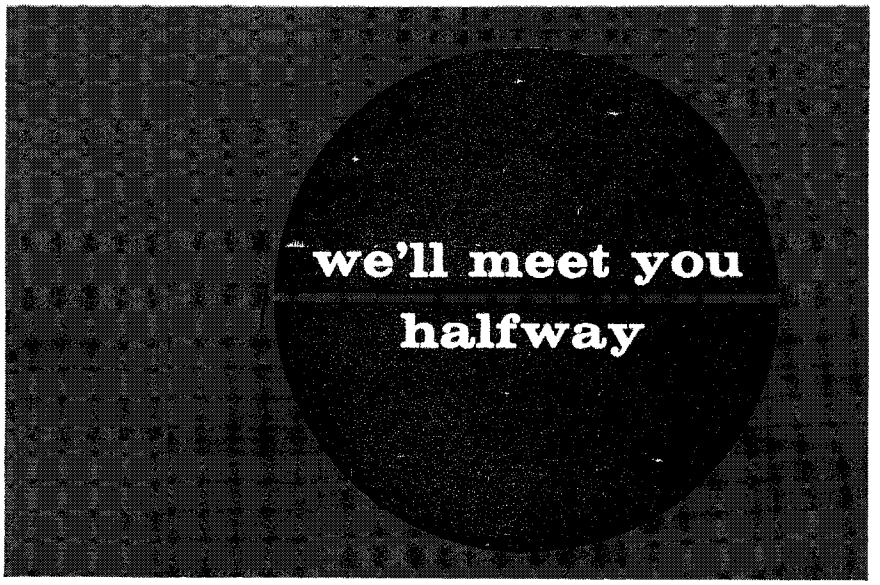

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